THE LIVING AGE.

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A CHARGE.

"If thou hast squander'd years to grave a gem
Commission'd by thine absent lord; and while
'Tis incomplete,
Others would bribe thy needy skill to them—
Dismiss them to the street!

Shouldst thou at last discover Beauty's grove,
At last be panting on the fragrant verge,
But in the track,
Drunk with divine possession, thou meet Love—
Turn, at her bidding, back.

When round thy ship in tempest Hell appears,
And every spectre mutters up more dire
To snatch control
And loose to madness thy deep-kennell'd Fears—
Then to the helm, O Soul!

Last; if upon the cold green-mantling sea
Thou cling, alone with Truth, to the last spar—
Both castaway
And one must perish—let it not be he
Whom thou art sworn to obey!"

Herbert Trench.

THE BUNYAN MEMORIAL WINDOW.

(UNVEILED JANUARY 25TH, 1912.)

Let the Tinker's Tale in glass
Challenge ages as they pass,—
Bunyan's pilgrim, bent of back,
With the Avenger on his track,
Trembling under Sinai's Mount,
Where wrath's red flame has its fount,
Marked with mire from the slough,
But with angel's seal on brow,
Till beneath the Cross one day
Guilt's great burden drops away.
Let the varied scenes unroll
That great drama of the soul
Till the pilgrim, faithful found,
Stands a victor, scarred and crowned.

Fragile pictures, framed in stone,
Grace and truth in symbol shown,
Multitudes will pass you by
With a casual, careless eye;
Shine on, eloquently dumb,
Till the man and hour come,
Till one day some wanderer,
Weary of the stress and stir
Of great London's roar and rush,
Greets the Abbey's welcome hush;
Takes,—a refuge from the heat,—
Near you, not by chance, his seat;
Lifts his dim, bewildered eyes
Of a sudden with surprise,—
There in purple, crimson, gold
Glows the ancient Tale re-told!
Vivid on the blazoned pane
Faded memories gleam again,
Memories of—what! can it be
That that spotless child was he,—
Spelling from the pictured page
Bunyan's tale of pilgrimage?—
There the pilgrim setting out,
Face like flint to jeer and flout,
There the hard-won wicket-gate,
There Apollyon crouched in wait,
There Faith armed against attack,
(Armed in front, but not at back),
Hill and Arbor, Vale and Fair,
Doubting Castle, grim Despair,
Till his weary brows are fanned
By soft airs of Beulah Land,
Whence the white-haired pilgrim sees
The fair City of palm-trees
Till he reaches, trial past,
All he longed for, safe at last.

Yes! a cynic's eyes can swim,
When such memories crowd on him,
Yes! that stony heart can melt,
Till it feels what once it felt,
Till the sorrow long up-pent
Under thick-ribbed ice finds vent,
Till the unsealed fount of tears
Sweeps away the dust of years,
And his heart is soft and mild
Like the heart of a little child,
For, in spite of hell's disdain,
His dead soul is born again.

Thus through coming ages gleam!
Do thy work, O Tinker's dream!

Claud Field.

The Spectator.

AMERICAN PROBLEMS.

During the short visit to what you call "The States," from which I am returning, I have seen a certain number of men in close touch with great affairs, of whose views, mixed with some of my own, I will offer you an impression. If it should not in all respects correspond with the impression prevailing in England, I can only ask you to take it for what it is worth. I shall try to set forth what I believe to be the truth about the President, his policies, and his prospects, and to deal, first of all, with the subjects in which I suppose Englishmen are chiefly concerned, namely, Canadian Reciprocity, the Arbitration Treaty, Trusts, the Tariff, and Mr. Taft's chances of re-election to the Presidency—a matter which really affects English interests.

Canadian Reciprocity, it is true, is no longer a live subject, but there is still a word to be said if only in the nature of a funeral oration. The President who conceived this great scheme—for whether you like it or not you will admit that it was a great scheme—and the American people, of whom a vast majority supported it, have accepted their defeat loyally. So far as I can see, there is no resentment, no bitterness; only a genuine disappointment. We are disappointed, not because we thought we had the best of the bargain—that is still a disputed point—but because a great opportunity for drawing closer the friendly relations between Canada and the United States has passed, and passed forever. We must, and Canada must, revert to the old commercial hostilities we hoped to soften, if not wholly to end. We thought Sir Wilfrid Laurier a wiser statesman, with a truer view of Canadian interests, than his victorious rival. But since Canada thought otherwise we have no more to say.

One misconception, however, it is important to dispel. The President's "parting of the ways" speech was believed in England to have a political meaning, or even purpose. I know on authority which cannot be questioned, and on which I shall rely largely in all I say, that it had not. In that speech, as throughout the whole discussion, the President's mind was wholly occupied with commercial, not political, aims. He never dreamed of a closer political connection between Canada and the United States. He thought Reciprocity a policy large enough to stand by itself; as it surely was. If he had not, he would have let it alone. Nor did he imagine that commercial union, complete or incomplete, would necessarily or probably, in the near or in the distant future, lead to political union. His view was the American view. There is no party, no important body of public opinion, in the United States in favor of annexing or absorbing Canada. There is, to be sure, Mr. Champ Clark, who holds, by some inexplicable caprice of the Democratic majority, the Speakership of the House of Representatives. But when Mr. Champ Clark talked loosely about annexation, he spoke neither for his party nor—still less and far less—for the American people. He spoke as the emotional and irresponsible politician he is. When the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, answering a question in the House of Commons, said that he did not suppose Mr. Clark's declaration need be taken seriously, he expressed the American as well as the English estimate of this outburst. It made no impression, elicited no response, hardly even provoked comment at home till it had been cabled to England and the English comment on it had been cabled back. The cable in

such a case, and in many other cases, is by no means an unmixed blessing.

As for the British Ambassador and his share in these Reciprocity proceedings, it was well understood in Washington that Mr. Bryce was acting on instructions, special or general, from Downing Street. These instructions were supposed to spring from the wish of the Government to obstruct Imperial Preference and Tariff Reform, even if Imperialism suffered at the same time. With such considerations the President, of course, had nothing to do. He was glad of any help he could get from Mr. Bryce. I do not think it once occurred to him that the Imperial tie between Great Britain and Canada could be loosened by the success of Reciprocity. He certainly had no wish that it should be. Mr. Bryce, moreover, has always been the active and efficient representative at Washington of Canadian interests. He has been Canadian Minister as well as British Ambassador. If I may be permitted an opinion on such a question, I think it desirable alike for Great Britain, for Canada, and for the United States that a British Ambassador in Washington should have the confidence of Canada, and be recognized informally by the American Government as the agent of Canada. I do not think there is any ground for the suggestion that Mr. Bryce had been indiscreet or over zealous in his support of Reciprocity. Nor, for that matter, in any other respect. I heard him criticized in England for speech-making, and people asked why a British Ambassador should be delivering addresses in Oklahoma or other remote or near regions of this great continent. Well, why should he not? It pleases us and does no harm to you. It is, moreover, a clear advantage for an Ambassador to be on good terms with the people as well as with the Government to which he is accredited; an advantage both to him and to us. He is a more useful Ambassador. True, the greatest of British Ambassadors in America, Lord Pauncefote, got on very well without it; but we are not likely soon to see another Lord Pauncefote: a man to whom the confidence of Presidents and of the whole nation went out instinctively. He had no need to make speeches. But Mr. Bryce has his own methods, and they have proved useful methods, both in respect of Canada and of those good relations between Great Britain and the United States which he has successfully sought to improve.

If this be a digression it none the less serves to help us about Arbitration and the President's Arbitration Treaty, which the Senate and Mr. Roosevelt, for different reasons and in different degrees, oppose. Both are formidable, but in spite of both the President hopes to see his treaty ratified. His heart is in it. He relies in a measure on public opinion, which is overwhelmingly with him. But a similar public opinion existed when the Olney-Pauncefote Arbitration Treaty came before the Senate, and, in the face of an almost unanimous popular demand, was rejected. On one side were the American people, on the other the Senate and the Irish dynamiters under the genial lead of Mr. Patrick Ford. But the Senate and Mr. Patrick Ford had their way, and that treaty lies dead in the Senate graveyard. The same unholy alliance exists to-day.

It must also be said that the Senate has the support of more than one great constitutional lawyer in its main objection to the present treaty. The provision which leaves it to a Commission of uncertain composition to determine whether, in certain cases or crises, a dispute shall or shall not be submitted to arbitration, is held to derogate from the constitutional prerogative of the Senate. Mr. Olney, not only a great lawyer, but one of the greatest Secretaries of State we ever had, is of that

opinion. As it is to Mr. Olney that, on the American side, we owe the settlement of the Venezuela controversy, out of which he and Lord Salisbury together found a way of peace, it is not to be supposed that his present opinion has any anti-English bias. Nor has he a prepossession in favor of the Senate. As one of the authors of the Olney-Pauncefote Arbitration Treaty, he proved himself a wise friend of arbitration, and on more than one other grave occasion was at odds with the Senate. Indeed, it may be doubted whether, on general grounds, the present treaty is an advance on the earlier one which was done to death by the Senate.

But the President, in one of his many speeches on his recent journey, held out an olive branch to the Senate. He proposes to modify the objectionable clause and to leave the Senate in control of arbitrable subjects to the full extent, as he thinks, of its constitutional powers. It is a concession, perhaps against his own judgment, but he is in a mood for concession and conciliation. He is also in a mood for using all his Executive authority to bring the Senate to reason. He has used it decisively before now. Whether his treaty be ratified or not, he has immensely advanced the cause and doctrine of arbitration. To him is due, in a measure, that condition of feeling in both countries which makes it probable that, treaty or no treaty, any dispute, or almost any dispute, between Great Britain and the United States will, in fact, be referred to arbitration. The President is an enthusiast for arbitration, from which he would except not even questions of national honor. But, whatever the form of the treaty, it will be an efficient treaty only in so far as it is an expression of the considered opinion of the English and American people. Grave questions of national honor or territorial integrity, or, on our side, the Monroe Doctrine, even if not excluded by the treaties, are likely to exclude themselves.

I was asked before I left England why the President had suddenly resolved to put in force the Sherman Act, which had been left some fifteen years in abeyance and inoperative. The question may be put aside for Mr. Roosevelt to answer, since it was he who first took proceedings. But in so far as it touches Mr. Taft's present policy, there is no difficulty in answering it. The recent decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust cases, have put, for the first time, an authoritative judicial interpretation on the Sherman Act. There was great doubt as to the true legal meaning and scope of that Act. There is no longer any doubt. The law has been defined and construed. It has been determined once for all what sort of combination is, under the Sherman Act, a combination in restraint of trade, and what is not. The question whether prosecutions or proceedings of any kind against any particular Trust shall be begun is no longer a question of law but of expediency. Before the Supreme Court had spoken, the President had to consider, and did consider, whether he should advise Congress to amend the Sherman Act, or even to pass a new Act. He decided not to; partly because it was not clear what kind of an Act Congress could be induced to pass; partly because the whole subject would thus be reopened; there would be delay; and the new Act once on the statute book, still greater delay before the Supreme Court could deliver judgment upon it. He resolved, therefore, to do his work with such tools as lay ready to his hand, and the proceedings against the Steel Trust are the first fruits of that resolve. This does not mean that a Trust is to be attacked merely because it is a Trust,

and the fact that it is not to be is perhaps a sufficient answer to the English criticism upon these activities as injurious to business and to great manufacturing industries generally. That criticism is not much more than an echo from Wall Street. The President's declarations, and especially his most recent declarations during his tour in the West, and not less what he says to friends, have disposed of it. Not business, but illegal business hurtful to the general industry of the whole country, is attacked. No Trust is to be dissolved merely because it is big—not even the Steel Trust with a capital of $1,100,000,000 and a plant estimated at the time to be worth $400,000,000. Proceedings were not taken in that case, nor in any case, till the Attorney-General of the United States had satisfied himself that both in law and in fact such proceedings were justified, and that a verdict against the company might reasonably be expected to follow.

Nor is the number of these actions likely to be so great as English investors seem to suppose. The Attorney-General computes that the number of Trusts which ought not necessarily to be prosecuted but to be inquired into, does not much exceed a hundred in all the United States. It can hardly be supposed that even if these hundred unified corporations were dissolved into their constituent elements the industries of the whole country would be paralyzed or irremediably injured, or, as a whole, injured at all. The two most conspicuous culprits thus far dealt with, the Standard Oil and the Tobacco Trust, are proclaiming to the world that compulsory reorganization will not essentially affect the control of these aggregations of capital. The control, though so modified as to conform to the law and the terms of the decision handed down by the Supreme Court, will remain, they assert, with the men who possess it now.

The Steel Trust pleads that it belongs in the category of those good Trusts which Mr. Roosevelt, when President, announced that he did not intend to disturb. Whatever may have been true of its original organization, the corporation has not made, say its chiefs and friends, an oppressive use of its power. It has neither crushed out rival steel companies nor fixed prices arbitrarily, nor done any of those acts against public morals and the public welfare which caused the prosecution and conviction of the Standard Oil. Even Saul is now among the prophets, and Mr. Roosevelt comes forward in defence of the Steel Trust and in condemnation of the present Government's present policy. That adds a piquancy to the situation, but I will defer to another chapter what I have to say of Mr. Roosevelt and his attitude since he took the field against the President and his Trust policy.

Yet, with respect to the action against the Steel Trust the same thing is to be said as with respect to the actions against other corporations. It was not begun without full investigation, nor without making allowance for these mitigating considerations. Mr. Wickersham, himself formerly a leading corporation lawyer in New York, now Attorney-General of the United States and head of the Department of Justice, is responsible for the statement that the evidence against the Steel Trust is believed to be complete, and a verdict for the Government to be expected in this as in other cases. This conclusion was reached after weighing the plea of good behaviour above mentioned. But the Steel Trust lawyers and leaders are equally confident of an acquittal. On both sides the terms of criminal and civil law seem to be used with equal freedom.

Be that as it may, the one thing English observers will do well to keep in mind is the word which sums up the

purpose of the Government—discrimination. The President said a dozen times in his Western speeches, and has said privately since then, that he had never adopted, and never would adopt, a policy harmful or menacing to the industrial or other business interests of the country. It may seem amazing that he should have thought it necessary to say it. Can anybody imagine there is any division among the United States setting out on such a crusade as that? The need, if there be any need, arises solely out of the alarm in Wall Street, which confuses the industrial interests of the country with unrestricted dealings in the shares of industrial companies.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan may be excepted from this statement. His state of mind, whatever else it may be, is never one of confusion. The charge against the President does not proceed from him. That he will resist to the uttermost the attempt to dissolve the Steel Trust needs no saying. I do not imagine there is any division among the Directors on that point, but, if there were, Mr. Morgan's will would prevail. When Prince Bismarck was asked about the Congress of Berlin in 1878, he replied, "Le Congrès, c'est moi." Mr. Morgan may, with almost equal truth, say, "I am the Steel Trust." Ever since the crisis of 1907, from the worst of which he rescued New York and the whole country, his masterful personality has been more masterful, more irresistible, more despotic, than ever. But the Government is stronger than Mr. Morgan, stronger than the Trusts.

If no other benefit had accrued from these prosecutions, they would have taught that much-needed lesson. For the great monopolists and operators, like Mr. Rockefeller and others who could be named, had come to believe that they were above the law. Like Napoleon they thought, and some of them said, that the ordinary standards of morality and obedience were not for them. The Supreme Court has made clear to them their mistake.

Should anybody doubt that some of these huge corporations need looking into, let them consider the remark of another important capitalist who said—it was some years ago:—

"When we put a great enterprise upon the market it is not getting the money which troubles us, but how to keep inside the law."

They did not always succeed in keeping inside the law. It is not in all cases quite certain that they tried.

It may be worth while to remark that all these Trust proceedings are brought in the United States Courts, and not in any State Court. I say that because, shortly before I left England, I heard a lawyer confound State and United States Courts in one sweeping and indeed universal anathema. The truth is they are totally distinct. The judges of the State Courts, with the honorable exception of Massachusetts and perhaps one or two others, are elected by popular votes for a term of years. In New York City they are elected upon the nomination of Tammany, and I had always supposed that English criticisms of American judges had reference to that fact. The judges of the United States Courts are appointed by the President for life; a sufficient answer to my friend's attempt to lump all American judges in one category of contempt. Englishmen who have any part in these matters may, therefore, feel sure that every case in which one of these corporations is concerned will be tried with the same fairness, the same ability, and the same respect for law as if the Court were English.

The whole question of Trusts in relation to the Sherman Act is, of course, too vast to be dealt with in this review except in general terms. I cannot go into their history. I shall be content if I have touched on those points which

seem doubtful to the English mind. If I have made it clear that the policy of the President is a moderate and judicious policy, I shall hope to have dispelled some grave misapprehensions which prevail, or did prevail, in England. I hope also to reassure those of your readers who needed reassurance about the Courts in which these actions are brought, and through which they will proceed to the Supreme Court of the United States. I may remind you further that the President was a Judge before he became President, with a great judicial reputation won wholly in a United States Court. In passing to an Executive post he has not lost his judicial habit of mind; certainly not where legal issues arise. You have, therefore, in his case a twofold guarantee: the all-embracing view of the Statesman, and the judicial view which comes from experience on the bench. Put party politics and selfish interests aside, and I doubt whether there is a man in the United States to whom the people of the United States would entrust their general or individual and most vital interests with greater confidence than to Mr. Taft. No man questions either his purity of purpose or his competence to handle great affairs; and with that remark I leave the question of Trusts. They are entitled to justice and no more, and justice they will get both from the President and the Courts.

What I have to say about Tariffs will be said before the President's Message has been sent to Congress. I am writing on the *Mauretania*, on her homeward voyage at the end of November, and setting down what I heard in Washington and elsewhere during that month. The President's Message next month will announce his latest conclusions and his advice to Congress. It has long been known that he desires a downward revision of the more important schedules. He vetoed the Bills passed last summer by Congress because he was of opinion that partial measures were premature and could only unsettle business. The Democratic majority forced them through, thinking to put the President in a hole. If he signed them he anticipated the Report of the Tariff Commission, before which there could be no complete or scientific readjustment of duties. If he vetoed them he would offend the interests those Bills professed to relieve, and Democratic platform orators could denounce him as an enemy of relief and a tool of industrial capitalists. It is probable that his vetoes did diminish, for the time, his popularity in parts of the West. But playing politics with the Tariff is an old game, and, as Lincoln said, you cannot fool all the people all the time. Nor has Mr. Taft ever yet been known to sacrifice the interests of the community to the interests of his party, still less to his own.

If, however, the President ever intended that the recommendations of the Tariff Commission should be embodied in a single Bill, he has abandoned that intention. What is called an Omnibus Bill lends itself too easily to those tactics of bargain known as log-rolling. It is probable, or was a few days ago, that the duties on fabrics of steel, woollen, and cotton will be first dealt with. The Payne Act, sooner or later, will disappear from the statute book. The President lost ground by his acceptance of that Act, albeit he accepted it only because nothing better could then be had. Congress was then in the hands of the extreme Tariff men. Mr. Aldrich ruled the Senate, and the Senate ruled the House. He knew more about Tariffs and such matters than all his colleagues together, and he was a leader who led. He was not only a convinced Protectionist, but he did not limit himself to Mr. Horace Greeley's doctrine that the

object of Protection was to protect. It did more than protect; it enriched; and Mr. Aldrich would tolerate nothing which threatened to impair the efficiency of his system or disunite his followers. But to-day Mr. Aldrich is a lost leader. The Senate knows him no more, and it is possible now to deal freely with Tariffs.

Mr. Carnegie once said—it was not many years ago—that since 1861, the date of the Morrill Tariff, which was a Civil War Tariff, no duty on manufactures of steel or iron had ever been altered except by consent of the manufacturers. At the time, he thought that state of things likely to be permanent, being then himself a manufacturer. Now that he is no longer in business, his views of present and future policy and possibilities appear to have changed. He told the Congress Committee who were inquiring last summer into the condition of protected industries, that the duty on steel might well be abolished. American steel makers are now able to stand alone, to control the American markets, and to compete on even terms with the world.

In that rather startling view the Steel Trust itself was said to concur. So far as this corporation was concerned, no objection would be made to the total repeal of the duties on steel. But there were members of the Trust Directorate who opposed repeal on other grounds. They thought it might bear hardly on their competitors whose resources and methods were less gigantic than those of the Trust. This kindly altruism touched the American sense of humor. The chief competitors of the Steel Trust are powerful and wealthy corporations, quite able to take care of themselves. It was plain, moreover, that there could not be two sets of duties, and it would seem that if the plea of the Steel Trust on behalf of its rivals were listened to, its own profits and the profits of other steel companies would continue exorbitant. Which is not what the President intends.

I will pause long enough to ask English Free Traders to consider Mr. Carnegie's statement in the light of earlier industrial history. It is admitted, and whether your Free Traders admit it or not it is indisputable, that without an adequate protective duty not a ton of steel rails or other fabrics of steel could ever have been produced in the United States. The rate of wages alone would have made it impossible, and the subsequent development of mines and plant and railway and lake facilities had not even begun. To-day, thanks to Protection, the output of the United States is 53 per cent. of that of the whole world; and American steel can, on the testimony of the greatest living expert, stand alone, and no longer needs the support without which in the beginning it could not have come into existence. The Free Traders, of course, have an answer to all that. They tell us that it would have been better for the United States to remain an agricultural country, like, for example, the South of Ireland; that we have gone against nature and economical laws, and that our prosperity is delusive. We may be pardoned if we are content with our delusions. I might even say that there is, in the English sense of the word, no Free Trade party in the United States, except perhaps, half a dozen college professors and an evening newspaper in New York.

To the changed circumstances of production and to the broader change in economical conditions the President is alive. He has argued the whole question broadly as he went from town to town and from city to city. That does not mean that he is in any sense a Free Trader, or accepts any of the dogmas sheltered under that name during the last sixty or seventy years.

Your doctrinaires have told us that the Tariff is responsible for the increased cost of living in America. Of course it is responsible for some part of it, and is also responsible for the high wages which enable the working men to pay this increased cost, suffering no particular hardship. You do very well in America if you are either a millionaire or a skilled laborer, or even unskilled. But the profits of the middleman and the retailer are responsible for a great part of this increased cost. An instructive list could be compiled of importer's prices to the jobber and dealer, and the dealer's prices to the buyer. Mr. Bourke Cockran, whose opinion on these matters is that of a Free Trader —using the term in the American sense —insists that the increased cost of living is due largely to the enormous unproductive expenditure of the Great Powers on armaments. The remark is of no use to those English ideologues who care only for explanations based on protective duties. It applies to England even more than to us. I heard Mr. Cockran expound this theory last Sunday evening in the Metropolitan Temple in New York. It formed part of an eloquent discussion on the Millennium which is to arrive almost at once; or just as soon as the world shall think Justice a better weapon than battleships and turn their conning towers into pulpits.

We are told also that the American farmers groan under the burden of the Tariff. It is true enough that the farmers would like to get their agricultural implements cheaper, and presently will get them cheaper. But it is also true that during these last fifty years of "stand-pat" tariff legislation, the majority of the American electorate have been agricultural. They could at any time have elected a Congress favorable to Free Trade, or to sweeping reductions of tariff duties, had they been so minded.

They were not so minded because they shared in the prosperity of the manufacturers, and were intelligent enough to see that a break in the Tariff wall would mean an inundation which would sweep away the foundations of the prosperity in which all classes shared, though not always in an equal degree. What has built up the West of to-day out of a wilderness? Railways, manufactures, agriculture, all together. The growth of agricultural wealth depended in no slight degree on the growth of towns, which, without railways and factories, could never have come into existence, nor ever brought markets within easy reach. That is the answer of the American farmer, or part of the answer. He is probably almost as capable of judging of the conditions amid which he lives as any English disciple of Cobden who holds that what was good for the England of sixty years ago when she had the greatest manufacturing plant in the world and wanted only an open door elsewhere—which she did not get—is good to-day. To speak frankly, the American farmer thinks himself quite able to dispense with the sympathies of English Cobdenites. He waxes fat under Protection. Does the English farmer under Free Trade?

All which is consistent with the policy of tariff revision which is the settled policy of the President, and is likely soon to be enacted into law. English makers of steel and woollen wares are building, I hear, great hopes on this policy. They will be disappointed. The President's purposes do not go beyond such a reduction as may be found consistent with the fundamental doctrine of Protection, Horace Greeley's doctrine, and Henry Clay's doctrine, and even the doctrine of Mill as it affected infant industries; which latter doctrine we have stretched beyond the intent of its author as it was originally stated in his *Political Economy*. But I

will quote what Mill said to me at Avignon, where he was living, in 1866, towards the close of a long talk in which I had asked him whether he still adhered to this statement. He answered:—

"Certainly I do. More than that, I do not mean to say that if I were an American to-day I should not be a Protectionist."

"May I repeat that?"

"You may repeat it to whom and how you like."

I did repeat it in the *New York Tribune* not long after, in a letter which Mill saw and approved.

But between that kind of Protection and the Protection which enables the Steel Trust to charge $28 a ton for steel rails which they admit can be made with a fair profit at $16 a ton, there is a gulf, and that is the gulf over which the President means to build a bridge.

Said the President:

"I went into the enemy's country, but I found no enemies."

Although epigrammatic in form, which is unusual with Mr. Taft, the sentence is a good account of the speech-making tour in the West which occupied two autumn months. He travelled more miles and delivered more addresses, long and short, than any President before him; even than Mr. Roosevelt. In an age which has a passion for records, that is as good, or as bad, as another. The figures do not matter; it is a record, and one of those big things which Americans are supposed to love. There are, however, Americans who regret that President Harrison, in 1890, should have set the example of "swinging round the circle," and that President Roosevelt, and now President Taft, should have imitated and surpassed him. These critics think it would have been more dignified if the Chief Magistrate of the Republic had contented himself with making speeches, called Messages, to Congress. But ours is a Republic of Democracy, almost as Democratic as your English Constitutional Monarchy; and the will of the people prevails; in some things.

Mr. Taft, moreover, is not only President but party leader, and leader of a party divided against itself. He is a candidate for renomination and for re-election if he can compass it. The Insurgent Republicans are a formidable body. The North-West is their stronghold, and that is what the President meant when he said he had been in the enemy's country. He was received cordially; he was listened to and applauded. He brought back with him the conviction that his renomination is assured. Whether he can be re-elected is another question.

For the North-West, and perhaps the West generally, is enemy's country in another sense. It is Mr. Roosevelt's country. You will hardly feel the piquancy of the situation unless you recollect that President Roosevelt selected Mr. Taft as his successor, caused him to be nominated by the Republican National Convention of 1908; bequeathed to him his policy, or policies; and then went off to East Africa lion-hunting, only to be lion-hunted himself on his arrival in Europe. Returning to America, the ex-President was angered to find that his successor had not adopted his methods as well as his policies, and that the element of violence so marked in his own character was wholly absent from Mr. Taft's. Taking two months to think it over, Mr. Roosevelt put himself at the head of the Republican revolt, took the control of the party in the State of New York away from the party chiefs, then journeyed West and stirred dissension there. The Republican party therefore went into battle a divided and discordant army, and naturally were defeated. A Republican majority of seventy in the House of Representa-

tives at Washington was converted into a Democratic majority of sixty. New York was lost; other States were lost; and both party and country were left in confusion. It was not wholly Mr. Roosevelt's work, but it was largely his work. It was a disaster which Mr. Taft set himself to retrieve, and that is one reason why he entered upon that great Western crusade.

Mr. Roosevelt, however, is not himself a candidate for renomination, and is not opposing Mr. Taft's. He is understood to prefer holding himself in reserve for 1916; holding also that it is doubtful whether he or Mr. Taft, or any other Republican, can be elected President next year. Logically, he ought to oppose, but logic has not much more weight in American politics than in English.

But Mr. Roosevelt, ever fertile in surprises, has given us another. In the *Outlook*, to which he is an "editorial contributor," he published quite lately a sharp criticism on the prosecution of the Steel Trust. Nothing the President can do seems right in his eyes, or else the way in which it is done is wrong. His article was thought to indicate an intention to become a Presidential candidate, but, for the reason above given, that is not so. None the less is it an attack on the present Administration, and a defence, *pro tanto*, of the Steel Trust, which was Mr. Pierpont Morgan's creation. Mr. Morgan found the man whom for years he has been denouncing as the enemy of business suddenly standing by his side in defence of an imperilled Trust. The effect, so far as Mr. Roosevelt was concerned, was twofold. If he thought to conciliate Mr. Morgan it is not clear that he has succeeded; and he forgot the West, from which there came at once a cry of resentment.

More than that, he announced a new and startling doctrine. He tells us that the Supreme Court in its Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust decisions "legislates," which it certainly does not. It interprets. He thinks it ought to legislate, and gravely asserts that if Congress does not pass such laws as Mr. Roosevelt thinks it ought to pass, then the Supreme Court should take up this neglected duty of legislation.

If there be anything fundamental in the Constitution of the United States it is its distribution of powers into Executive, Legislative, and Judicial. This Mr. Roosevelt ignores. In his Osawatomie speech last year he rebuked the Supreme Court because some of its decisions "were not in accord with the modern trend of public opinion!" Speech and article together are a programme of revolution, if not of anarchy. The foundation-stone of the American system is reverence for law, and especially for constitutional law. Mr. Roosevelt, whether he means it or not, is undermining the whole fabric. Lord Morley of Blackburn—a name never to be mentioned without honor in this *Review*—said some years since that "the two greatest natural phenomena he had seen in America were Niagara and President Roosevelt." Both are forces of disturbance.

And that is where Mr. Roosevelt's weakness lies—in his belief that he may tear down in order to rebuild, and that his personal conviction of what is right should be the supreme law of the Republic. Mr. Taft's strength is to be sought in his support of the principles and beliefs which Mr. Roosevelt would destroy. His appeal is to the innate conservatism of the American people. Whatever others may say of us, we are profoundly conservative in matters which are essential. The root-politics—or if not politics, policies—of the American people have been conservative since Hamilton embedded them in the Constitution, and Chief Justice Marshall for thirty odd years wove them into Judicial form and made

them absolute law for all time. The best representative of them to-day is Mr. Taft, a great President who would have been a great Chief Justice had he followed his own bent. I cannot say how fortunate I think it for my country that in a crisis of its history—for crisis it is—it should be ruled by a statesman-President trained upon the Bench to a judicial conception of the issues which affect the welfare and the existence of the American Republic..

February, 1912.—Within the last few days Mr. Roosevelt, according to cable dispatches, has reconsidered his position as candidate for the Presidency. His latest, but not necessarily final, determination has been disclosed to his friend the Governor of Kansas and to the representative of the *Chicago Evening Post*. He says to both that, while he does not want, and will not seek, the Republican nomination, he will accept it if offered to him "spontaneously." The word spontaneously has no meaning in American politics, unless it be taken to refer to a possible "stampede" of the nominating Convention. But he still regards the renomination of President Taft as probable, even though his re-election be doubtful.

Mr. Roosevelt's declaration that he would, in certain circumstances, accept a nomination, puts him definitely before the country as a candidate. His wish to wait till 1916 has melted in the fire of his animosity to Mr. Taft. If he can defeat Mr. Taft in the Convention, he is willing himself to be defeated in the election. He may not mean that, but that is what he will be taken to mean. For months past he has allowed his friends to work for him and against the President. They were handicapped by the doubt whether Mr. Roosevelt would accept the nomination if offered him. They are handicapped no longer. His latest avowal is an invitation. He solicits his friends to redouble their efforts, and by all the arts known to American politicians, of whom Mr. Roosevelt himself is the most astute, to make his nomination not merely certain but "spontaneous." The contradiction in terms is only apparent. Whether their efforts are to be with the people in order to create an irresistible force of sentiment, or in the Convention itself by methods well understood and skilfully designed to carry the Convention off its feet at the psychological moment, the effect will be the same if they succeed.

The possibility of their success gives a new interest to Mr. Roosevelt's attacks, of more kinds than one, on the Supreme Court of the United States. He is in as many different moods about the Court as there are issues of the *Outlook*. With one hand he enlarges, with the other he restricts, the powers of the Court. At one moment he requires the Court to usurp the functions of Congress and legislate. That he holds to be the sole remedy for the supineness of Congress in denying an immediate statutory force to Mr. Roosevelt's whims. There is no other remedy, he declares; not stopping to reflect that every two years the people elect a new Congress to express the will of the people in the form of law. At the next, he threatens the Court with a reversal of its judicial decisions by appeal to the people. This is the proposal of his newest "editorial contribution" to his magazine: a proposal more revolutionary, more menacing than all the others. He now insists that, in certain cases, these decisions shall be referred to the electorate for acceptance or rejection. Nice points of constitutional law are henceforth to be determined by popular vote. The majority of the moment is to be the court of final appeal. In place of settled constitutional principles we are to have, or Mr. Roosevelt would have, the fluctuating caprices of an unbridled democ-

racy. In place of constitutional law we are to have mob-law.

To you, with your Constitution already lying in ruins about you, this may seem no very formidable prospect. While the Parliament Bill was being forced through the House of Commons, while an inner Cabinet set up an oligarchy on the wreck of Parliamentary Government, the people were apathetic. In the tumult of Presidential politics in the United States, multitudes, and perhaps a majority, may be as careless about the gravest constitutional issues as you were. But Americans, with whom reverence for law is part of their birthright and their being, regard such a prospect with dismay, tempered by incredulity. It is impossible to believe that these suicidal counsels are to prevail.

An American Exile.

The Fortnightly Review.

ALMSHOUSE NUMBER THIRTEEN.

The charm of early March is indubitable on certain days when the quiet promise of Spring shows itself in windless weather and opaline skies. The usual association of March with boisterous North-Easters and tumultuous cloudscapes is forgotten, and the renovation of the earth with fresh grass and tiny flowers and swelling buds is visible magic. The year is all before us in a pageant of imagination; the fancy runs riot in the rare warmth of the sun; youth and hope and love dream the accomplishment of unaccomplishable things and smile at the ease, the beauty, the joy, the tenderness of life. When the Spring evening begins to fall amid the music of birds, and radiant flashes flood the east as the west sends to the coming stars the messages of the young sun, to use Chaucer's phrase, the new green of the world takes on a unique gladness, a tenderness that is touched with the softness of the twilight where:

> Unseen hands
> Are hanging the night around us fast.

It was on such an evening that the Trustees of the Jubilee College in Little Barwick were holding their meeting to elect an inmate for Almshouse Number Thirteen, vacant by the death of Mrs. Susannah Vesper. The origin of these almshouses is not without interest. In the year of grace, 1810, Sir William Allford, of Barwick, an East India merchant of great wealth, bethought him of a charitable act that would in those hard times both reward and stimulate the valor of our seacoast population. They were a sturdy people, much given to smuggling in days when Napoleon had succeeded in closing the Continental ports to English goods and when French tobacco, wine, and stuffs, despite the war, had a ready market if brought in free of tax at reasonable rates. Sir William had raised the Water Fencibles of Barwick some years before, and a notable show they made, with many other bodies of volunteers, in the days when the French army lay across the narrow seas waiting for wind and tide and the absence of the English fleet to give them the chance of visiting the Mistress of the Seas. But when the fear of such callers fell away recruits grew rare, the Water Fencibles became less warlike, and the coast people pursued with alacrity their friendly visits to foreign coasts and the dangerous exchange of cargoes. So it happened that early in the year 1810 Sir William invented a new device to maintain the patriotism of his town and the strength of the Water Fencibles. With Sir

William, good English soul, to decide was to act, and one fine morning the inhabitants of Barwick saw the beginning of the enterprise. Suffice it to say that before August was out there had arisen on the outskirts of Barwick sixteen little houses, eight of which formed the north side of a fair, stone-edged grass quadrangle, with four houses to the right of it and four to the left. On the south side was a tall, nobly-wrought iron screen, and in the middle of the quadrangle, where four diagonal stone-laid paths met, was a sun-dial that bore the motto in old characters:

Time is a shadow: let it flee away:
Our hope is fixed upon the endless day.

Not a word did anyone whisper as to the meaning of the little college until, early in October, 1810, the surrounding gentry and the Water Fencibles and their wives and daughters were invited to the opening of the Jubilee College on October 25th, the fiftieth anniversary of the accession of the King. Surprise followed surprise. The houses were adequately endowed with twenty-five shillings a month each and ample firing: is not the deed of gift to be read to this day, signed with the firm signature, *William Henry Allford*, as witnessed by the Reverend Sixtus Borrow, M.A. (of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge), and Mr. James John Smith, solicitor to the trust? The trust deed had one curious clause: it provided that on the filling up of any vacancy by the trustees preference should be given to a woman who could prove that she was the widow or the daughter of a Water Fencible of Barwick. The trustees were the rector and churchwardens for the time being, the commanding officer of the Water Fencibles, two Justices of the Peace for the Borough of Barwick, the village schoolmaster, and the minister of the Wesleyan Chapel in the town. The donor had no prejudices. On Jubilee Day, when the formal opening took place, the sixteen houses were already filled, and were filled with widows of Fencibles; men who from being Fencibles had passed into other services and had died for King George. That was more than a century ago, and generation after generation of old women have filled those delightful little homes and have had their twilight in which to dream over the motto of the sun-dial ere they passed with the shadows to the endless day. And now this March night there is an election. Mrs. Vesper has died at an immense age, and her place, her house, has to be filled.

Barwick of 1911 is not the Barwick of 1810. Barwick itself has become a crowded resort of normally crowded Londoners, who like to spend the small means available for brief relaxation by the sea among their kind. It is dirty and ugly, and the meanest lodgings are dear, with the result that the natives of Barwick find that rent is a monstrous item in their weekly payments. The Jubilee College, however, is in Little Barwick, a mile from the town, a village which stands round its church on a slight hill. At the foot of the hill towards the sea, within sound of the breaking waves, stands the College that Sir William Allford had built a century ago. In the vestry of the church at 5.30 in the afternoon of March 2nd, the Jubilee Trustees were summoned to meet, and the candidates for Almshouse Number Thirteen were invited to attend in the church that they might be interviewed one by one.

The daily five o'clock service was just ending as the Trustees assembled in the vestry: the murmur of the last prayers, the clear sound of the Benediction met them, and then the rector joined the rest, talking as he disrobed. The few worshippers had gone, but the church, whose ancient painted windows were already filling the aisles

with mysterious evening lights, was not empty. A little hushed quaver reached the vestry, the whispering of a score of ancient dames seated on benches near the familiar font where everyone of them, and in most cases their children and grandchildren, had been christened. Between them and the vestry door stood the sexton, as old as—or older than—the oldest candidate. He knew them all and was not without hopes of burying them all, including his wife's sister, a likely candidate to-night, Mrs. Jane Merina Longcraft, the tallest and most talkative woman in Barwick; and his brother's widow, Mrs. Charlotte Benson, a tiny woman with the largest family in the county. "Have all the gentlemen come yet, Mr. Benson?" whispered a thin, ghost-like voice. "Pretty nigh all, Louisa Scragg," said the sexton. "Be ready, Louisa, for you are first on the list." Little Miss Scragg, the only spinster present, sighed and said no more. She sat thinking hard of her needs and her claims, and the likelihood that she would be forgotten before the end of the list was reached.

Meantime the rector had taken the chair at the head of the green baize table, a churchwarden on the right hand, the solicitor and clerk to the Trust on the left. At the other end of the table sat the Wesleyan minister, while the interval was filled with modern substitutes for the original trustees. Near the chairman was placed an empty chair. Then Benson was called and bidden to introduce the candidates, in a given order of names, by the east door of the vestry. The interview over, each was directed to depart by the west door and wait for the fateful decision.

Come in, Miss Scragg. Now sit here and be calm. We shan't bite you. Now tell us: first of all you are the widow—no, no, that's wrong—are you the daughter of a Water Fencible? You say that your mother walked out with your father when he was a Water Fencible, but that he had ceased to be a Water Fencible before the marriage. Make a note of that, Mr. Clerk. It is a very difficult point. You see, Miss Scragg, your mother did not marry a Water Fencible, so how can you be the daughter of a Fencible? Yes, I know your father *was* a Fencible. Well, well. Now let me see: this is your tenth application, you are seventy-eight years of age, you are insured in a burial club, you have the Old Age Pension and a shilling a week from Mrs. Butt. You pay 2s. 6d. a week for your room. So you live on 3s. 6d. a week. Is that all, Miss Scragg?—all! Do you make nothing by your needle, have you no relations? All dead, all except Jane Stoutley, who married the Frenchman and lives at Dieppe. All dead, and fingers too stiff to sew. Dear me, dear me. Has anyone any questions to ask? Does she ever take care of empty houses? There are no empty houses, and she can hardly take care of herself. Go into the church Miss Scragg, and wait.

Mrs. Hannah Basket. You are the widow of a Fencible are you, Mrs. Basket? You must be almost the last of the widows. How old? Eighty-five? Come, you don't look it. This is your twelfth application. What was your husband, Mrs. Basket? In the French trade do you say? No, no, Colonel Barker, you must not suggest that it was smuggling: *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* Your husband saved money, I suppose, Mrs. Basket: £10 still left? Splendid, splendid. Now how many children, and how much do they help? Two sons and four daughters all dead; and grandchildren too poor to help. You have to help them. What! out of the Old Age Pension? Do you do any nursing now? Getting too old for maternity work, but can sew a bit. Only had one case this last year. Well, well, wait in the church, Mrs. Basket.

So, one by one, the tottering old people went into the vestry and out. They were a strange procession, and not a figure but was touched with dig-

nity. It was with an awe-struck feeling that we looked at the figures and watched the rector, himself an old man who had known many of these old people for half-a-century, cross-examining them. Each had lived so long and had suffered so much that this vestry talk was almost an indignity. And yet they liked it, and arrived for the occasion in a Sunday best which, like themselves, had miraculously survived the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. How do they live these old, old women, or those of them—say half of them—who live alone? The Old Age Pension has made in such cases the difference between what was practically starvation and living on the verge of something like comfort. The old women just under seventy are the sufferers. In those cases it is difficult to see how they go on, as some do, without outdoor relief. If the rent is paid they manage to live on threepence a day. The pinch comes when the cold falls. Yet the hardness of circumstances does little to obliterate natural characteristics. Some of these women, some of the oldest, are obviously alive because they have happy dispositions and would have, and will have, their little joke. Mrs. Jane Hopwood claimed the house in the frankest fashion because she had nursed the Colonel of the Territorials; Mrs. Crow declared that it was her birthday, and that the almshouse would be a pleasant surprise; while Mrs. Carter called the clerk to the Trust "Master Frank" as she had called him forty years before. Some, of course, are by nature miserable, and find not only enjoyment and solace but protection from it, for who could injure the unhappy? All, almost without exception, earn something if only a shilling a week; and all, almost without exception, have some one dependent, or partly dependent, on them. The variety of the old faces is interesting to watch. The flashes back of memory as old days are recalled by the questions; memories of the days of courtship, of marriage, of children, of deaths, of great events that moved the hearts of the people; these flashes reveal whole ranges of comedy and tragedy. The unwritten history of an entire people is in the hearts of these women, and we catch glimpses of it in their smiles, their wrinkles, their aches and pains, their tears, and in the dignity with which they face the future.

So the Trustees come to vote. First, all the women who can trace no connection with the Water Fencibles are struck out in accordance with the Deed, though their attendance counts as an application. Then the ten who are left are voted for. Miss Scragg is first in the first round. All who had not obtained five votes are struck out. This leaves five in, and the second round is headed by Mrs. Adelaide Sparkes, the little widow with nine children, none of whom can help. Miss Scragg runs her close, Mrs. Basket is third, and the others, being nowhere, are struck out. The three cases are discussed in detail, and then again there is a vote, with Mrs. Basket in such a majority that she is elected forthwith and called in as the church clock chimes half-past six. The Rector's address to Mrs. Basket and her sudden tears of thankfulness end all, and the Trustees, not too cheerful at heart, disperse.

And yet there is one scene more: a little group of old women in the churchyard set in the fast failing light of the lovely evening. They seemed to listen to the fading compline of the birds. One disappointment more, and yet scarcely an upbraiding at fate! Below them, clear cut in the evening light, lay the quadrangle of the little college; beyond it were the sea-fields, the beach, and the quiet light of the fading, wonderful sea, under the tender apple-green sky, flecked here and there

with floating cloud. It was a silent scene, broken at last by the three-quarter chimes, and then by the voice of a young girl calling shrilly: "Where is Mrs. Sparkes? Come home, come home, come home!" "Is that my Jane?" "Oh! there you are, granma. Come home, all come home. Follow my leader! Mrs. Basket has Number Thirteen. Your turn next, granma. You wait here, Mrs. Basket, your Mary Ann has gone to tell Mrs. Fowler." So the shrill voice of youth and hope ran on, leading the tottering procession through the lychgate and down the path seaward, where the infinities of day and night mingled with the music of a turning tide. At last the voice died away, and Mrs. Basket waited alone in the fallen night. She had achieved success and she was eighty-five. Her mind was full of the little house and full, too, of the past. "To think my Jim should have got it me: he *was* a Water Fencible." So her mind ran as she sat nodding in the porch, till she was awakened by the steps of old Benson, the sexton, and the voice of the tiny maiden, Mary Ann, calling her. She had achieved success:

Time is a shadow: let it flee away:
Our hope is fixed upon the endless day.

J. E. G. de M.

The Contemporary Review.

FORTUNA CHANCE.

By James Prior.

CHAPTER VII.

A POPISH RECUSANT CONVICT.

In the first week of October Roland, whose thoughts were constantly on Scotland but without the urgency of a resolve, had been to look at a mare belonging to the farmer of Oxton Grange, but could not agree with him upon the price. It was a day of a lowering sky with a noisy bullying blustering gale of wind, such as by confusing the eye and troubling the ear helps one to go astray. By sunset he had got so far on his indirect return by Bawford steps as to be crossing the Rufford road within a short distance of Sansom Wood, a collection of decaying timber, mostly oak, along the brow of the next rise, when he found that he had walked into the midst of a scattered party of some half-hundred red-coated horse-soldiers with the Hanoverian black cockade on their hats. They were looking up and down the road, which however was a mere sandy track across a heath, as if in some uncertainty; and the two nearest, officers by their dress, were in earnest discussion together. The younger was saying:

"We have certainly lost our way."

"It iss zo," answered the other with an accent markedly foreign.

Just then they caught sight of Roland, and the latter speaker called to him:

"Holla, yoonker! Von vort. Vere are ve? Vot iss ze road to Mansfelt? Shpeak!"

Roland was irritated by the sound of the foreigner's voice, suspecting him to be of the same race as the hated Georgian kings. He walked across the road without answering, looking neither to the right nor left.

The English-speaking officer threatening him with his half-pike called after him, "Why don't you answer? Stand, sirrah! In the king's name!" with ever increasing peremptoriness.

Still Roland neither turned nor spoke, but began to thread his way at the quickest of walks among the furze and ling on the other side of the road.

"Stop him! Bring him to me!"

At their officer's command horsemen trotted after him. He started running at such speed as he might along ground so encumbered. Seeing they did not

gain on him two of his pursuers unslung their carbines and fired, and a bullet from one or the other grazed his left arm. But others had happened on a trodden track and were already heading him. He stood and let himself be taken. The corporal in command cursed him freely for the trouble he had given, first in running away and then in not getting killed offhand. He bade two men alight and pinion him with a halter, by which one of them led him back with many a jerk and much unnecessary roughness. Again the officer questioned him; but he had been heated by the chase, felt the sting of the wound and the trickle of the blood, resented the halter and his rude treatment, so that his natural stubbornness was increased to obstinacy. He said not a word until he was asked if he was deaf and dumb; which he answered with a curt "Neither."

"Vy gif you den no antvort?" said the foreigner. "Know you not?"

"I don't choose to know."

The foreigner slapped him across the jaw with a heavy gauntleted hand.

"You Hanover rat and coward!"

"Haha! You be zare, not true?"

"Now we know what hole you're in," said the other officer, "I'll warrant we shall soon smoke you out. Belt him well, Thorp."

One of the soldiers unbuckled his belt, with which he dealt their captive a round score of blows over the shoulders. The metal fittings seemed always to find a weak place where there was prominence of bone or deficiency of padding, but his pride hardened him to bear it without wincing.

"Now are you prepared to speak?" said the officer.

"What do you think yourself?" answered Roland.

"I think——"

The officer began fiercely with his eyes on the lad's handsome resolute face, but abruptly checked his tongue and looked up at the lowering sky, around on the darkening earth.

"By Gott, venn ve in mine fateriant vere," said the alien, "ve vould him zat fairy zoon ouss—ouss—ouss—croosh."

"May be, sir," said the English officer, "but our men and even our boys are not soon crushed. So I think—the night is fast coming on, and we have wasted too much time over him already—we will return upon our track and leave him to be dealt with by the Mansfield magistrates."

"Beg pardon, sir," said one of the men who had overtaken Roland and now stood at the salute.

"Well, Matthews?"

"I saw a track, sir, by yonder wood, which seemed to lead back to the way we left but further up."

"We might do worse than try it."

The officer gave the command, the trumpet sounded the rally, the stragglers hastened up and ranked themselves.

"Woulds, bring your prisoner on."

They rode a little way up the road.

"This, Matthews?"

"Yes, sir."

The officers rode to the front; the troops followed briskly; but Roland hung back, and his conductor not having had the wit, unbidden, to secure the rope-end to the saddle they lagged from the first in spite of frequent jags and jerks, threats and curses. Now Trooper Woulds for his surly temper was the most unpopular man in the squadron, and when he invited his comrades to help his pace by basting his prisoner from behind, they only laughed and mocked his distress.

"What's these 'ere two summats," said one, "tied together with a bit o' cord?"

"Is one of 'em a man?" said another.

"Then which of 'em's the beast?" said a third.

"This un for sure; it's last."

"Nay, this un; it's first."

"Donkey goes last."

"Pig goes first."

"Drop your cursed tomfoolery," said Woulds, "and prod him in the ribs with your skewer."

"Can't; I'm a-keeping it clean against the next royal review. By order."

"Be damned to both of you. Here, Hassall! Come on and bang the young devil in the back. You may knock his brains out for aught I care."

"Nay," said Hassall, "you must be battledore to your own shuttlecock; it's your game."

Soon there was but one man in the rear, and to him Woulds appealed as he rode up.

"Give the young hound—rot him!—a good kick atween his shoulders, Sills, and waken him up."

Sills lunged out as he trotted by but without zeal, and Roland springing aside easily balked him of his aim. He did not turn back to better the attempt, but with the habitual oath regained his stirrup and rode on. Woulds, halted and tried to strike his prisoner with the flat of his sword, but Roland putting forth his strength managed to keep the rope taut and himself out of reach. This delay only increased the interval between the laggards and the main body, which in a few minutes when Sansom Wood was reached was quite a score of yards ahead; and the wind among the trees out-roared every other sound.

As they skirted the wood they came on a tall straight beech sapling outstanding irregularly in their path. Roland at the selfsame moment was aware of the tree and also that he was preparing to pass on one side of it, his conductor on the other. The opportunity was like match to dry priming, like concussion of hammer on flint, or to be quite modern enough on cap. At a sudden prompting of instinct, a mere animal act without ranking of conditions or fear of consequences, Roland immediately swung himself round the tree. The check pulled the rope tight and hurling him violently against the trunk banged all the breath from under his ribs. The rider was dragged to the ground and lay half stunned; the startled horse galloped off. The other troopers drew rein, but before they could return to their comrade's help, before they exactly knew the shape of his mishap, Roland had partly recovered breath, and pulled away the other end of the rope which was twisted round the fallen warrior's arm and had slipped into the wood. Under the trees it was already so dusk, the ground too was so overgrown with brushwood and the roar of the wind was so all-pervading, that pursuit was impossible; he was lost to sight and hearing at once. The nearest troopers fired a few shots and barked a few trees, then had to be content with catching Woulds' charger and helping him to remount; which they did not without the encouragement of many a jibe, both humorous and malicious.

Roland, the better to escape a second encounter with his captors and to avoid the notice of others, kept on the Blidworth side of Long Dale, traversed Blidworth common, a mere wilderness of gorse and heather, and taking his time came out an hour later beyond the fish-pool. He crossed the Mansfield road and went by Hagg wood, from whose depths came the shrill billowing of a riggish hart. There he met a Blidworth laborer whom he knew well enough by sight, named Hotchkiss. They passed one another with a bare good-night. But after they had passed, Roland whose senses were on the alert heard Hotchkiss stop and turn; heard him after a deliberative interval call out:

"I say, young man!"

Roland turned and answered:

"Well?"

"How long has it took yer to grow that theer gret big long tail?"

"Not so long as you'd think."

Roland was already on the move, but was again stopped.

"Stay! How long do I think?"

"I don't know."

"Can't say but what I've gotten some truth out on yer. Thankee and good-night."

"Good-night. Stop! One word more."

"Two if yer like. I were nivver to a word; nor more nor to a pint."

Roland had bethought himself that he might meet another inquisitive person, whom it would not be so easy to put off.

"You might just cut it off for me."

Hotchkiss walked slowly up with a funny side-roll, which at each step brought him perpendicularly over the foot that bore the weight. He handled the halter like an expert.

"Ah, but yer didn't grow this yersen I doubt?"

"I never said I did."

"How coomed yer by't then?"

"Some men tied it on."

"Then for sartin it'll untie; that sattles it; there's no need to cut it. Why did they do't?"

"Because I wouldn't answer 'em?"

"Why wouldn't yer answer 'em?"

Hotchkiss was untying the knot as deliberately as he was doling out his interrogatories. Roland chafed but replied:

"Because I did not like their looks."

"What the devil had their looks to do wi' yo? Unless m'appen yo made 'em an' they spoilt 'em for yer? No?"

Roland was still tied.

"I didn't like their questions either."

"Yo might a hanswered accordingiye. Theres' two answers to iv'ry question unner the sun, a fool's an' a wise man's. 'Owiver I wan't say but what yo've done raight by yersen; yo've gotten this bit o' wunnerful good stuff. Yo see, there's two roads o' lookin' at ib'rything; save two 'r three drabbited one-sided things like co'd an' hunger. Well, here 'tis. I nivver handled a better lenth o' rope i' my life."

He held the halter loose in his hand.

"Thank you, I don't want it. Throw it away or keep it as you like."

"Nay, it ud be a mighty wrong haction to holl it away. A thief might find it an' steal a hoss for to put it on; a fool might find it an' waste hafe a working day looking for th' owner; a crack-pot might find it an' hang hissen wee't; Job Townsend might find it an' swear as he'd wove it hissen. I'll keep it mysen just for to keep other folk out o' mischief."

Now when Hotchkiss on his way home turned into the "Will Scarlett" at Blidworth for his usual pot of ale, he laid the halter on the bench beside him while he slowly sipped. The next customer to enter sat down on the other side of the halter, Charles Neighbour, the pinder, whose curiosity was a very itch.

"This yourn?" asked he,

"Ay," answered Hotchkiss.

"It's non home-made."

"Not it."

"Bought it at Mansfield market?"

"No."

"Nottingham Goose Fair?"

"No."

"Wheer then?"

"Nowheer."

"Then 'ow did yer coom by't?"

"Honest. But whether e'erybody who's handled it can say the same——"

"Ay, ay? I'm beginning to——"

"Then yo've nubbut to keep on as yo've begun. But my mug's out; I moot be jogging home to my missis."

Hotchkiss rose and picked up the rope.

"Stop an' hae another wi' me."

"Thankee, I don't mind if I do."

"Yo say as there's been dishonesty somewheer i' th' handling on't."

"Not I. This good rope can't tell me noat, an' if it could I shouldn't ax. I mean to keep a clean conscience."

"Who had the handling on 't next afore yo?"

"Now that's a question as can be hanswered wi'out ayther maybe or downraight lig.[1] I've been waiting for't."

Then with no more than the normal indirectness Hotchkiss drank his second pot and told his story, by sips. His story, once a-wing, flew and flew until it came to the ears of Lord Byron, who inquired into the meaning of it with an angry zeal. He soon learnt from Mr. Lindley of Skegby that complaint had been made to him at the "White Hart" inn, Mansfield, by Lieutenant Hemsley of Wade's horse concerning a young countryman's refusal to answer lawful inquiries in His Majesty's name, his arrest thereupon and escape. He perceived that this tallied with the current rumor about Roland Surety. He stirred up his fellow-magistrate, and the two put their heads together. The rope was sent for, but being asked answered nothing, as Hotchkiss had foretold. An express was despatched after the lieutenant, but owing to his frequent removals was some days in finding him, and then on the eve of his commanding officer's advance towards Scotland he could or would not be spared from his military duties. In his absence it was impossible to verify the suspicions against Roland; the magistrates had to be content with summoning him as a person suspected of disaffection to appear before them at Newstead, to take the oaths to His Majesty and to sign the declaration against popery.

Roland duly appeared as cited and admitted that he was over the age of eighteen; but on hearing the purport of the oaths required of him, bluntly refused to swear without any equivocation, mental evasion or secret reservation whatsoever that he did sincerely promise to bear true allegiance to his Majesty King George; did from his heart abhor, detest and abjure that damnable doctrine or position, that princes excommunicated by the Pope may be deposed or murthered by their subjects; refused to swear that he did sincerely acknowledge our Sovereign Lord King George to be lawful and rightful king of this realm, and would not solemnly and sincerely declare that the person pretending to be King of England by the name of James the Third had not any right or title whatsoever to the crown of this realm. Mr. Lindley, taking a humaner view of his duties, would have persuaded the boy by detailing the disabilities which his obstinacy would bring upon him; that he would be debarred from keeping arms or a horse above the value of five pounds, from travelling more than five miles from home without a license, from bringing an action at law or suit in equity, and so forth. Roland however stood firm, and after a furious browbeating by his lordship he was let go for the time, with the warning that his refusal would be certified to the next general quarter sessions to be holden the week following at the Shire Hall, Nottingham; whereat he was cited to appear.

On the first day of the following week he met Jack Gaskin the parish swineherd of Papplewick near the Ravenshead Oak, an ancient lightning-blasted stump, whereby Jack's charge was feeding on the acorns and the mast shed by a few scattered trees, and the two men drew together for a little casual talk. Only a little way off was the sandy track of the Nottingham and Mansfield road, which ran in view for half a mile, then dipped and was lost among a succession of undulations that rose ever higher towards Mapperley and the county town. As they talked two stags came into sight over the brow of a hill a mile away beyond Long Dale on the other side of the road, one backing, the other hustling,

[1] Lie.

acorn-fat, amorous, with coats that shone in the sun. They were at the ceremonious preliminaries of a fight. Now threatening, now giving ground, feinting, dodging, finessing, they had not yet come to close quarters and no hurt had been done to their glossy hides by their dagger-like brow-points, when suddenly they lifted their hostile heads into the attitude of listening. Apparently they got no satisfaction out of their listening, for in a few moments they bounded away over the nearest ridge and out of sight.

Soon to the duller ears of the men there came a faint sound which made them question each other. Their questioning got them no profit, but by waiting they found that the sound gradually increased from faint to loud, and then became loosely recognizable as a confused tramping, jingling, clattering, clashing, rumbling which came up-wind from the south. They turned their looks to meet it, and presently on the road below appeared from Nottinghamwards a handful of horsemen in glittering skull-caps and breastplates and with swords drawn. But that considerable noise evidently did not all come from so small a company; Roland and Gaskin continued looking to its rear. Soon there came into sight a much larger body of cavalry similarly equipped but with their swords sheathed; then two companies of infantry in red coats, white breeches, white gaiters and cocked hats. These were followed by a larger number in blue coats with red facings, escorting nearly a score of cannon and a long train of artillery carriages and baggage wagons. Swords clanked, bridles jingled, iron hoofs struck the stones of the road. Every detail of the uniforms stood out in the noontide sun, the red, the blue and the white, the yellow facings, the parti-colored lace on the hats. Every bit of steel flashed as it seemed to Roland with a hostile intention.

"It moot be them sojers o' Gen'ral Wade's," said the swineherd. "They were talkin' about noat else at th' alehus. They lay at Nottingham for the night. They're a-gooin' to faight some wild cannibal Pope's men a long way off. Furder nor York they say. I reckon they'll mek minshmeat on 'em, once they've let on 'em."

Roland guessed their errand as well or better than the swineherd, but he stood and looked on and said nothing. He felt as though a pageant of the war between legitimacy and usurpation, between truth and heresy, were being acted before his eyes; while he stood by looking on with a harmless bit of ashwood in his idle hand. Now and again was heard, sharp and imperative, the word of command. He imagined himself one of a gallant little band of patriots swooping down upon that vainglorious array of hirelings and scattering it; imagined and at the same time scorned himself for standing there inactive. Meanwhile the last of the wagons rumbled by, the last of the infantry passed and a squadron of horse brought up the rear.

"I should think mysen a numskull," said Gaskin, "if I were very fierce to faight again all them swerders an' pistolers an' musketers an' cannoners. What d' yo say?"

"I should be fain o' the chance," said Roland.

"Yo don't say so? Well, to huz laborin' men a dab o' sense is worth a dollup o' daring. But I reckon yo're summat betwix' an' between, as they say; nayther somebody nor nobody, nayther fat nor lean."

Roland did not obey the summons to the quarter sessions, and was at once adjudged a Popish recusant convict, and as such forfeit and to be proceeded against. Being required so peremptorily to make his choice between the rival kings, he did so in favor of King James, and made his hasty prepara-

tions for flight to Scotland. On the first day of the quarter sessions he hurriedly closed with the Oxton farmer for the mare. Fortuna, who probably had an exaggerated notion of the penalties for recusancy, withdrew her silent but not secret opposition and herself urged him on. She affected to accept with satisfaction Press's proposal that Bridget the maid's brother Jude, who was of about the same age as the young master, should sleep in the house during his absence.

Next morning by daybreak the mare was in the shed which served Roland for stable, ready saddled, with a pair of silver-mounted pistols in the holsters—one of them had missed fire at Preston—and he himself was in the parlor booted and spurred, hatted and cloaked, and under his cloak the reverend father's sword. He only awaited his mother's appearance and farewell blessing, with less than a dutiful patience, it must be admitted. She was on her knees up-stairs praying and making vows with unwonted fervor for her son's safety. He heard a confused noise of feet and voices at the rear of the house, went forth by the back door, and found the yard and adjacent premises in the occupation of the parish officers, Master Henry Huff, farmer and churchwarden, Samson Smallage, shoemaker and constable. Huff sat his stodgy old piebald mare, wore a broad-brimmed hat, huge jack-boots and long coat with a broad leathern belt buckled round the waist. Smallage was before him on foot; he had twisted up his dirty apron into a girdle for his loose jacket. By him stood Thomas Eato, the bound-bailiff, and Thumb, a laborer, each armed with a staff. Press faced them on the doorstep, irate and eloquent.

"Here's Master Churchwarden," she said, "and Master Petty Constable, and Masters Pettier Constables if there be such a thing; and none the less the whole gang of 'em are a set of errant thieves."

Just then Philip Kippis, wheelwright's journeyman, led Roland's mare out of the stable.

"What are you doing here?" said Roland.

"Robbery and battery and murder and all that's dirty," answered Press; "that they're doing. Han't they the proper faces for it? 'Twouldn't be honest to have such visomies and not be scurvy knaves. From this day forth Harrison's our shoemaker."

"Cobbler yo mean," said the constable. "Well, he knows summat, does Harrison; he knows how to charge. Be that as it may, ma'am, I've a justices' warrant for what I'm a-doing"; whereupon Roland could see that he had a bit of blue paper in his hand; "and it wain't be no she-cat's yarling as'll hinder me."

"Cat? Call me a cat?" cried Press. "It ud be setting some folk a whole heaven too high to call 'em dogs."

With that she advanced on the constable in battle array, a movement dexterously foiled by his timely retreat behind the greater bulk of the churchwarden and his mare. Huff, naturally the most unassuming, plain-spoken of men, had for his year of office put on a loud pomposity of ill-remembered scraps.

"I call on you, Roland Surety," he cried, "likewise you, Miss Thingumbob, to beware o' doing me vi'lence in the discharge of my lawful legal duty. And I hereby give notice that having been judged a popery cussing convick—that's only Roly—at the general quarter sessions holden at Nottingham yisterday, you're thereby bro't under the pennities and disbbilties of the stattus King William Thud."

"Who calls our Mr. Roland a cursing convick?" said Press. "If it's yourself I'll say, 'tisn't even a small matter, but if 'twas King William he ought to

be ashamed of hisself in his fine marble tomb."

"Hold your peace, Press," said Roland peremptorily, "and let me speak. What does it all mean?"

"It means," said the churchwarden, "that you're not to keep no hoss above five pound vally; to give up to uz hereby present all arms and weapons and guns and things whatsumdever i' your possession, and not to travel above five mile from home without a lawful licin swore afore two magistrates."

"For which puppose," said the constable, coming forward as Press retired, "I purduces my sairch warrant. Purcede to mek entry, Thomas Eato."

The bailiff made for the house, but Press slipped in before him and would have shut the door, had he not thrust a big foot between it and the jamb.

"Push him away, Mr. Roland, do!" she cried. "I can't be outside as well as in."

But before Roland could either do or forbear, the bailiff had shoved his broad shoulders in after his shoe, thus forcing Press back from the door. The churchwarden dismounted; he and his comrades followed Thumb into the house, all but the man who held the mare. Seeing Kippis left unsupported Roland took a guinea from his purse, drew his sword and stepped up to him, saying:

"Will you take this and let her go quietly, or——"

Kippis was of no heroic mould; he inquired not concerning the alternative but took the coin and gave the reins.

"But knock me down," he said, "so's I may hae summat to color my bare word wee."

Roland doubled his fist and drew back his arm. The wright's man blenched.

"Nay, nay! just a weeny tap'll do as well as a dazzer. I'm no White o' Laxton."

It was too late however to stay the blow, which fell lustily and gave his back if not his word the color of the ground. Roland jumped into the saddle and rode off. But before he was fifty yards gone on the way to Scotland, he heard Press's shrill voice flying after him wind-borne from the kitchen doorstep.

"Mr. Roland, Mr. Roland! They're misusing madam!"

He stayed his horse on the instant. That near-by concern did away for the time with the three-hundred-mile-off Scottish enthusiasm. He galloped back, leapt down, pushed by Press without heeding her explanations, accusations, amplifications, and taking the advice of his ears made straight for the parlor. Through a ring of men he saw his mother's face and nothing more; pale, perhaps with fear, but quite self-possessed. He drew his sword again, and bursting in swished it round, and round like the sails of Master Cowley's big windmill, so clearing an horrific space between the lady and intrusion; while the parrot ruffled her feathers and flapped her wings and screamed, "Hanover rat, rat, aware o' the cat, cat!" But though Smallage flinched and Eato and Thumb drew back, the churchwarden held forth his staff and kept his ground.

"Begone with you all!" cried Roland. "Out, you rascality!"

"I wain't begone," said Huff; "I wain't out. I'm no rascality. I stand for the king and the parish o' Kirkby in Ashfield; and so I reckon as this here lawful staff's as good or better than your outdacious unlawful sword, Master Roly Surety."

Roland might look fierce, might swell his chest and speak big, he knew he could not do more than brandish his sword at a harmless distance from his neighbors. That common fellow in homespun with the bit of stick in his hand had the better of him. Besides

his mother had begun to hang on his sword arm and cry:

"Put it up, Roland dear! put it up, child! It affrights me. You will be hurting somebody. Ah! then it went quite near our shoemaker. I am not a whit afraid except of you and the sword."

So Roland had to put it up. Whereupon the constable, coming forward, again demanded the weapon in the king's name.

"Do you mean king or elector?" asked Roland loftily.

"King J—a—a—mes," squealed the parrot.

"Sure the devil's i' th' bird!" said Smallage. "Nay, but I mean King George, God bless him."

"Amen," said the bum-bailiff.

"I do not acknowledge any such person."

"Then he mun mek shift to live wi'out your knowledgement. Any'ow this is his 'fishal staff an' we're his 'fishal men, so I'll vouchsafe to ax yer for that theer swerd, young man."

Since Roland evidently could not use his sword to defend his sword, he had to yield it up indignantly to those grimy paws, belt, silver-decked scabbard and all. Then with a full heart he kissed his mother's hand and rushed from the room, partly at least that nobody might see the ripe tears fall from his eyes. Kippis had caught the mare and again held her by the bridle. Roland ran up to him and demanded restitution.

"Wheer's yer swerd?" said Kippis.

"I've given it up. But——"

"Then I reckon yo mun gie the hoss up an' all."

"I've my fist if I han't my sword."

"That's a slow death; but a swerd, by Gum, it's flish 'ere, flash theer, then swish through the prime o' your guts, and yo've no appetite for your next dinner."

There was a scuffle, of which Roland may have had the better; but in the midst of it the mare felt her head free, flung up her heels and galloped off to her well-known comfortable lodgings at Oxton Grange, eight miles distant. Kippis was again on his back.

"She's skeltered," said he. "Hae yer done?"

"Yes," said Roland.

"Then I'll get up. But I'm non so hoggish about faighting as to ax for a hammering about noat."

The wright's journeyman got up and wiped his bleeding nose on his sleeve, while Roland returned to the house. At the door he met the constable and his party coming forth. They had ransacked the house, seized not only his sword but an old hunting-knife that had been his mother's grandsire's, and bore them away pursued by Press's unwearied vituperation.

"Stop!" she cried. "You've forgot something. You'll all be murdered in your beds yet. Look!"

They were safe through the yard but turned back to the gate to look, constrained by curiosity or other fatality. She held forth a silver-mounted case which her mistress sometimes wore dangling from a stay-hook. She opened it and exhibited one by one a pair of scissors, a puny pocket-knife, a bodkin, a thimble.

"Here, take it; if you durst. 'Tis madam's equipage, the only thing left as we could hurt even such fleas as you with."

They repented of their return, but stood awhile as if spellbound to listen.

"What? Is't so fearsome a thing that you durstn't handle it? Nor yet touch it? Nor even look at it? Here! I've put 'em back in the case for ye. You'll be padded against misfortune. You'll neither see, touch, taste nor smell it. Where's your spirits, carcases?"

And so forth. During which they managed to turn tail and push back through the gate. When they were fairly out of hearing Samson Smallage drew a breath and said:

"Whew! What a sperrited wife that 'n ud mek!"

"For som'dy else?" said Kippis.

"Ay."

"I'm wi' yer."

"Me an' all," said Thumb.

"There's a woman like yon," said Kippis, "I' my wife's fam'ly. Her finger nails are her ten commandments, an' she wouldn't gie a hinch o' room, no, not to th' squire or God A'mighty."

"In her own house, Philip," said Huff severely.

"Ay, of coorse. In other folk's housen she can behave hersen. And at church an 'all."

Meanwhile Roland had gone in again to his mother, had fallen on his knees at her feet and said:

"I've made a vow, mother; and I'll keep it to the death."

Fortuna started. It sounded to her like the very voice uttering almost the very words which had undone her.

"La, child, say no more," she answered with well put on levity. "Be your silence your—your surety. Sure I grow a witling in my extreme old age."

Thus lightly did she cover the exceeding narrowness of her escape from saying "bond," word still more suggestive and two-edged.

On the same day Lord Byron went up to London for the meeting of Parliament, having strongly recommended the Reverend Mr. Eustick of Kirkby to keep a sharp eye upon the purley-woman's son. But the next time Roland met the young squire of Annesley he was greeted by him with unusual cordiality, which set him wondering for five seconds what it meant.

(To be continued.)

A YEAR OF "POST-IMPRESSIONISM."

When, a little over a year ago, "Post-Impressionism" burst upon the town, I was in no condition to take a hand in the vast discussion that followed; but I did just stagger round the Grafton Gallery before I was despatched to a safe distance from work. When I left London the critics were disconcerted, but nervously determined, after so many mistakes, to be this time on the winning side. A few bravely, if wistfully, did declare themselves fossils; some were uneasily upon the fence; the rest were practising, a little asthmatically, the phrases of an unknown tongue. As it happened, one of the few critics on the Press with anything that can be called a mind, one of the fewer with a gift for persuasion and for writing, Mr. Roger Fry, had declared for the new aesthetic, or religion, and the impressionable could but wheel desperately after him on this sudden tack. Three months later I found the new religion established, the old gods being bundled without ceremony into the lumber-room, and the ardent weathercocks of the Press pointing steadily for the moment into the paulo-post-futurum. So easy a victory for a new creed is delightful, if it is deserved, but it tempts the obstinately critical mind to ask a few questions. I propose, after the fair run that the new faith has enjoyed, to look a little closely at its theories and its productions.

The Grafton Exhibition was not quite the beginning of things. Mr. Fry had played with the very reason-

able speculation that the explorations in color of the Impressionists might be employed by imaginative decorators not limited to a scramble for effect. It may be said, by the way, that this was precisely the programme already carried out by Puvis de Chavannes in wall-paintings like *L'Hiver*. But Mr. Fry, up till half-past eleven before the noon of the Exhibition struck, did not appear to have convinced himself that the expected method and the masters had been found; for he exhibited in Suffolk Street a ceiling that looked back to Guido, of all the Pre-Impressionists: there had been indications, however, that his vote was nearly cast. In the chaste pages of the *Burlington Magazine*, barely tainted with modern art, there appeared, with Mr. Fry's editorial blessing, a startling rhapsody on Cézanne. Its author affirmed a faith already orthodox in Germany, where the enthusiastic, if chaotic, Meier Graefe leads the song. The Germans, so enviably endowed for music, for science, and for business, are eager for all the arts. Denied almost entirely an instinct for the art of painting, they study it, they "encourage it," egg it on, adore, and even buy. Nor do they stop there. They have town-planned whole towns out of the back-pages of *The Studio* in styles that put to shame the cosiest corners of Mrs. Barnett's architects. They dine, they sleep, they commit every act of life in "Art Nouveau." And to their serious bosoms they have taken each extravagance of Montmartre and added an "ismus" to its name. Wonderful Montmartre, that seethes and blazes for the duller world with the fire and fevers of youth and art! I remember, one summer morning in the early nineties, climbing the sacred hill. At the summit was a little shop that was a symbol of the place. There stood, with ancient *berets* on their heads, "le père" and "la mère Tanguy," like two figures in the old Box-and-Cox barometers. They sold colors and canvases, if selling it could be called, since they were seldom paid. It was reported that they had long ceased to eat, so that there might be more colors for the young ferocious of that day, whose methods called for a huge quantity; and there, under their hands, was piled a heap of canvases returned with the colors thick encrusted, waiting in patient faith for the rare customer. There were flowers by "Vincent" (Van Gogh), and landscapes by youths from Pont-Aven, who announced day by day that "black was red" or "violet was green." Then we went from one house to another, of artist and collector. We had begun in another quarter with Comte Camondo. He had just bought the picture by Degas that so shocked Sir William Richmond and all the professionally and periodically *scandalisables* of London who write letters to the papers. Two people were drinking absinthe and coffee: had the scene been laid in London and called "Afternoon Tea" no one would have been shocked; as it was, the picture was hooted out of the country and is now, by the Count's bequest, one of the treasures of the Louvre. On the hill we found Degas fuming because he had been written about in the papers, "like Whistler," and said to paint "comme un cochon." Last we visited the rooms of an ancient Jewish collector, and, when we had gone through them all, we crossed the street with him and plunged into a "dive" like Mammon's, a cellar in which he had "laid down" hundreds of "Impressionist" pictures to mature, and pictures twenty years later to be "Post-Impressionist." There they were, stacked on trucks, and he was hoarding them. Manet was then beginning to sell at Durand-Ruel's; Monet was dribbling through to America; the day of the others was to come later, when Vollard opened shop in the Rue Laffitte

and held up to admiration scores of still-lifes by Cézanne, sparely constituted of an apple or two and a metallic napkin. Anquetin had just abandoned his "synthetic" manner, that of strong outline and flat tint, and the real master of the Japanese convention, Toulouse-Lautrec, was terrifying the hoardings.

But I must return to the *Burlington*. In its numbers for February and March 1910 appeared the eulogy on Cézanne by M. Maurice Denis, with reproductions of the artist's work. The main line of M. Denis' argument was that Cézanne is a "classic," because in his painting the spectator is not preponderantly moved by the object itself, nor by the artist's personality, but by a balance of the two. This sounds a promising description of classicism, to which I will return later. But M. Denis goes on to affirm, of this "classic" painter, that his painting is painting and nothing more, that it "imitates objects"

without any exactitude and without any accessory interest of sentiment or thought. When he imagines a sketch, he assembles colors and forms without any literary preoccupation: his aim is nearer to that of a carpet-weaver than of a Delacroix, transforming into colored harmony, but with dramatic or lyric intention, a scene of the Bible or of Shakespeare.

Sérusier is quoted in support:

One thing must be noted, that is the absence of subject. . . . The purpose, even the concept of the object represented, disappears before the charm of his colored forms.

After these explanations we seem to be already in difficulties with our "classic" painter. The balance of object and subject we have just heard about means that the object is inexactly rendered, and that there is no subject at all. And M. Denis, a painter himself, in a pretty convention, shallow sentiment and villainous color, of religious and legendary "subjects," adopts, for his eulogy of Cézanne, the theory of poetry attributed to Mallarmé, that its beauty consists mainly in sound, of painting that its beauty is limited to the "carpet" aspect of it, and of imagination that it works properly in the vehicle of words. The name alone, "imagination" might have stopped him. A scene such as is recorded in the Bible or in the pages of Shakespeare is only "imaged" when it is seen; that is to say, when it lends itself to the art of vision, which is painting: it can only be referred to and evoked, not rendered, by the symbols of words. A scene, therefore, in the Bible or Shakespeare is at least as much the natural subject of painting as of writing, and there is nothing "literary" in painting it. The real distinction between literature and painting is that writing, being indefinitely continuous, can evoke a chain of successive actions, and is therefore the fit medium of narrative; but it cannot represent those actions or any one point of them; painting can actually render a fixed point. The stage, within certain limits, can reproduce the whole chain that narrative evokes and comments upon.

So much for the general confusion. If we take the two arts separately we shall find that their virtue is never a simple thing: it depends on a union of two elements, beauty and significance. This is easily tested, because in the case of poetry we can cut off significance and retain the mere beauty of sound. We have only to ask a good reader to recite a poem in a language known to him and unknown to ourselves. The result, if the language is sonorous, is gently pleasant for a very short time; soon, even for the most poetical, it becomes unbearably monotonous, so much is the virtue of poetry a combination of sound-beauty, fit and ingenious arrangement of words and ideas, weight of feeling and signifi-

cance. The same is true of painting. The most decorative of our oil-paintings, if we see them at such an angle that the "subject" is not grasped, are poor things beside a rich carpet or enamel, and the really good carpets themselves are a kind of picture, dependent for the sting of their beauty on the remote "subject" that went to their design. If, then, Cézanne had ever succeeded in getting rid of subject, he would not thereby have become a "classic" painter, or anything like it; he would have ceased to be a painter at all.

But that is not all of this queer eulogy. Cézanne, it appears, abolishes tone in favor of color,

> substitutes contrasts of tint for contrasts of tone. . . . In all this conversation he never once mentioned the word "values." His system assuredly excludes relations of values in the sense accepted in the schools.

Unfortunately this is not Post-Impressionism at all, but the Impressionism of Turner and of Monet. It depends on the fact that no one, even if he wish to, can render the values truly of a sunlit landscape, because pigments do not cover so great a range. The upper notes must be sacrificed in any case, and the convention Turner and Monet adopted, to gain a general brilliance, was to omit the lower as well, to leave out not only the real sun, which no one could put in, but also the shadows, the tones, of the lower notes, rendering only their difference of color or tint, and that in an exaggerated way. Monet's "purple shadow" is as famous as Turner's vermilion. Our "classic," therefore, is on this ground a pure impressionist.

But there is a more mysterious business. By his modelling (or "modulating," for the first word is not permitted), Cézanne arrives at the "volumes" of objects, and puts their contours in afterwards. These "volumes" are an "abstraction" from objects. That is intelligible enough, but something comes in at this point, some sort of bee in the bonnet of Cézanne or of his admirers, that was to play havoc later, and produce whole "schools" and sects. "All his faculty for abstraction," we are told,

> permits him to distinguish only among notable forms "the sphere, the cone, and the cylinder." All forms are referred to those, which he is alone capable of thinking. The multiplicity of his color schemes varies them infinitely. But still he never reaches the conception of the circle, the triangle, the parallelogram: those are abstractions which his eye and brain refuse to admit. Forms are for him volumes.

On a first reading this would appear to mean that by some lesion of his classic brain our painter could not conceive a parallelogram, and that of solid bodies he could only cope with three. But probably the author expresses himself badly or is ill translated. What he means is that Cézanne thinks in the solid, not in the parallelogram but in the cube—or am I wrong, and was the cube, afterwards to be so sacred, anathema at this period? If so, the less painter he! for the complete painter must think in both. He must imagine, extending back behind his canvas, a space containing solid bodies; and this space and these bodies he must render on the flat surface of his canvas. But he must also remember that these solid shapes, projected on the flat, will set up a certain pattern among themselves of forms in two dimensions, and that this pattern and its relation to the frame constitute the "decorative" side of his art. Since the frame is normally either a parallelogram or a circle, he is a strange artist who cannot conceive of either; and we are more puzzled than ever by Mr. Fry's announcement, in his preface to this article of an art "in which the decorative

elements preponderate at the expense of the representative." The apostle of the new art is absorbed, it appears, in the "representative" side (the rendering of depth), and knows nothing about the "decorative" (the planning of the surface).

Mr. Fry himself speaks of Cézanne's "compact unity" built up by "a calculated emphasis on a rhythmic balance of directions." But M. Denis describes one of these figure-landscape pieces in the making:

> The dimensions of the figures were often readjusted; sometimes they were life-size, sometimes contracted to half; the arms, the torsos, the legs were enlarged and diminished in unimaginable proportions.

Calculation was missing or erratic here: and with every variation in size the "rhythmic balance of directions" must have altered.

But it is needless to pursue further these rather elementary confusions; let us take farewell of the article with a touching little phrase of the painter himself. He spoke, not of any of the great things enumerated, but of his "petite sensation," the little *sensation* that he was trying to preserve and render. I remember, in those same early nineties, a discussion among a group of American short-story writers, very earnest, constipated artists. One of them had been out for a walk, and his contribution was the statement that in coming home through the trees he had "quite a little mood." "I did not write it down at the time," he said, "but perhaps I ought to have done so." Cézanne was not a great classic: he was an artist, often clumsy, always in difficulties, very limited in his range, absurdly so in his most numerous productions, but with "quite a little mood," and the haunting idea of an art built upon the early Manet, at which he could only hint. He oscillated between Manet's earlier and finer manner, that of dark contours and broadly divided color, and a painting based on the early Monet, all color in a high key. In this manner he produced certain landscapes, tender and beautiful in color, but the figure was too difficult for him, and from difficulties of all sorts he escaped into the still-lifes I have spoken of, flattened jugs, apples, and napkins like blue tin that would clank if they fell. What is fatal to the claim set up for him as a deliberate designer, creating eternal images out of the momentary lights of the Impressionists, is the fact that his technique remains that of the Impressionists, a sketcher's technique, adapted for snatching hurriedly at effects that will not wait. Hence his touch, hence those slops of form out of which he tries to throw a figure together. No one was ever further from logical "classic" construction, if that is what we are looking for; none of the Impressionists was so uncertain in his shots at a shape. And when we come to fundamentals, to rhythm, whether it be the rhythm of the thing seen, or the rhythm of the picture imagined, or these two combined, as they are in great art, Cézanne is helpless. We have only to turn to the illustrations to appreciate this. Cut away the theories and the verbiage, and what is actually before us? A forcible head of the painter is the best of them; but even that has only one valid eye; the other portraits are blocks of wood. The vaunted landscapes with figures, the *Bathers* and *Satyrs*, are the work of a man who could not command the construction or the expressive gesture of a single figure, could not combine them together, or fit them reasonably into a landscape setting. What a blinding power has theory for the ingenious mind!

The Grafton Exhibition included many things. There was Manet as well as Cézanne. There was a group of the more tiresome "Neo-Impression-

ists," but including the inventor among them, Seurat, who introduced "pointillisme." The others turned the infinitesimal dots of primary color that the theory required into large bricks of color that could not possibly fuse at any distance. I suppose, by the way, it will be impossible to the end of time to persuade people that Monet never at any time used "divisionism," the splitting up of color into its primary or even its rainbow constituents. Even so careful a writer as Mr. C. J. Holmes asserts this, against the evidence of all the pictures. I endeavored years ago to explode the supposed scientific basis of the pointillist theory of painting, but all that came of it was a conviction among my critics that I was myself an Impressionist and advocate of pointillism. I perhaps deserved this for trying to give "Impressionism" a wider than its historical meaning.

But this by way of digression. Next after Cézanne among the painters new to London, and that London was grateful for seeing, came Gauguin, who was well represented. This painter, beginning as a rather dull Impressionist, in the wake of Pissarro, developed, for the handling of exotic scenes, a more nervous drawing and vivid color, reverting to the Oriental decoration that was already implicit in Manet, Degas, and Whistler. There is nothing revolutionary in the drawing of the Tahiti figures; it is the drawing of Degas, stiffer, and less flexible, as might be expected from the painter who began work at thirty; and there is an illogical modelling of the figures in light and shade that does not extend to other parts of the picture. But the pose and grouping of the Tahiti pieces is finely felt, and his color in these and certain still-lifes has original character and splendor. The fine period was short; it is a drop from *L'Esprit Veille* to fantastic rubbish like *Christ in the Garden of Olives.*

With the third name we come, I was going to say, to the real thing: but that would be unfair; to one of those spirits who break through the ordinary moulds, who survive, like the salamander, in a fiery element. Blake is the one English artist who did this and lived undestroyed at a perilous exaltation. Van Gogh had neither Blake's mental range nor his endurance, but in the short period of balance between the lethargic Dutch art of his beginning and the madness of his end he is very like the Blake of Thornton's *Pastorals.* The hallucination of a reality more intense than that of every day comes to some men by way of wine or drugs, to some by bodily fever, to others by the fever of the mind that production itself induces. Beginning like Gauguin flatly, Van Gogh worked up, like him, through Impressionism, and then, before madness overtook him, snatched at his startling landscape visions. Rain, a cornfield, a sunset, are discharged at us with heightened, hallucinatory intensity. The color of flowers, too, thus excited him, and the portrait of himself, shown at the Grafton, the exasperated blondness of the tormented mattoid head against a flame of blue, was a masterpiece in its kind. Then he fell over on the other side, and the rest tells us merely the price he paid for a super-lucid interval.

But this was not all. We were asked to regard these three men as the initiators of an art which was carried a stage further by later artists, of whom two were the chief, Picasso and Matisse. Picasso appeared mainly in his early phase, as a Whistlerian, less certain even than Whistler in the construction of a painted figure, but with a delicate sense of color; an etcher, too, of subtle line. But a portrait was shown in the sleeve of which (not yet in the face) some geometrical mania was at work. Of this more presently. Of Matisse there were only three small

pieces: two insignificant landscapes and a silly doll, *La Femme aux yeux verts*, in which we were invited to find marvels of rhythm and harmony. I have seen landscapes by Matisse which had a certain barbaric strength of color; I have not seen enough of his work to trace his history, and I am prepared to believe that he has given pledges elsewhere of good faith in these preposterous experiments; but I see no force in the argument that because drawing is very bad indeed, it must be very good because it is by a clever man, one who has been known, at other times and places, to draw pretty well. I pass over Herbin, Friesz, Vlaminck, and many more, all of them, like Baal's priests, cutting and maiming their forms in a desperate incantation of the fire that had touched Van Gogh. I return from the pictures to the theories.

The catalogue was prefaced by a brilliant piece of writing, unsigned, more closely knit than M. Denis' apologia, and a lecture was given during the exhibition by Mr. Fry, and printed in the May number of the *Fortnightly Review*. The writer of the preface tacitly showed M. Denis' theory about Cézanne to the door, and advanced a directly opposite account of those he christened "Post-Impressionists." M. Denis had claimed for Cézanne that he was "classic," meaning, as we may put it, that there is a fine balance in his painting between the desires of the painter and the rights of the object painted; that he renders the object justly but finely seen. If this is not a plausible description of Cézanne, it is a possible definition of classic painting. But now we were told that the methods of this school

> enable the individuality of the artist to find completer self-expression in his work than is possible to those who have committed themselves to representing objects more literally.

The school, in a word, render their emotions about objects rather than the objects themselves, and Mr. Fry makes it the definition of all drawing that it distorts the object. Personal feeling, then, is the note of the movement, and the "Post-Impressionists," therefore, are not classic at all, but extreme Romantics. I was met by several ghosts of old controversies in this discussion. The "rocking-horse" of the preface reminded me of the "Noah's ark beasts" of the Glasgow School, "better than Sidney Cooper," and another old phrase, "There is no such thing as correct drawing," played its part. By that I meant that just as in literature writing can never be said to be finally "correct," nor even grammar, but only to approach perfection of expression, so with drawing. Imitation may be a large part of drawing, but the initial impulse is gesture, and "correctness" of imitation by way of tracing is not only impossible, because contours must be amplified to suggest a third dimension, but the design of the picture, simplification for decorative breadth, sacrifice and emphasis for expressive force, also affect "correct" copying. Again I am entirely with Mr. Fry in the stress he lays on the rhythmical basis of design. Perhaps I may be allowed to quote from an article that made people very angry twenty years ago.[1]

> Drawing is at bottom, like all the arts, a kind of gesture, a method of dancing upon paper. The dance may be mimetic; but the beauty and verve of the performance, not closeness of the imitation, impresses, and tame additions of truth will encumber and not convince. The dance must control the pantomime. Rivers and skies and faces are taken up by the painter as illustrations of a mood, and the lines of the image he creates are not meant to reproduce the thing, but to convey what he felt about the thing—the salutation, the caress he gave to it. . . . He

[1] "Painting and Imitation," Spectator, June 18, 1892.

wishes to convince the imagination, not to delude the sense. . . . In the lines of abstract ornament you will often get a more striking impression of conflict of repose than from the most document-supported picture of battle or of sleep; and it is this element, the music of space and form, that really plays to the imagination behind the images that represent person or thing. A division of the paper will do more to enthrone a figure or dignify a landscape than the dress of kings or the presence of palaces, and the drift or swing of a composition across the canvas be more eloquent of its motive than the particular attitude and occupation of its constituent persons.

Here, then, is common ground; but as they say in disputations at the Propaganda, *Distinguo.* When I came to work at the history of a period of drawing, I saw that there is a strong dividing-line between two schools, each of them great, by the degree in which they admit freedom of modification; and Mr. Fry's definition, and my old one, are not the account of all drawing, but of one school only. I have endeavored elsewhere to bring this out,[2] but must risk a repetition here. "Classic" drawing, conveniently so called because it is the drawing of Greek fifth-century sculptors, follows the model or "nature" very closely, with a minimum of sacrifice and distortion for the sake of emotional emphasis, the expression of action, or the imposition of a rhythm conceived by the designer. It is realist among choice forms, aims at searching out the rhythm implicit in an object, and entrusts to a lucid statement of that rhythm the task of exciting in the spectator's mind the feeling already aroused in that of the artist. It sinks personality and renders the object.

Romantic drawing is not satisfied with this: it emphasizes, caricatures, elongates, abbreviates, reshapes the form in accordance with a more violent emotion, a more tyrannic imposition of rhythm, a rhythm of the artist's excitement. The problem of both schools is at bottom the same—namely, to fit into the rhythm of the picture or of the sculptor's block the rhythms of the objects included; but classic art more humbly, more patiently and subtly waits upon the secrets of the object: it discovers a rhythm rather than invents. Romantic drawing shatters and reforms the object with its own passion and gesture, and introduces incidentally all manner of "personal" elements of temper and touch. It follows, naturally enough, that classic art works, by preference, in presence of the object; romantic art tends to remake from memory. "Nature puts them out," these artists say; they borrow from her a shorthand of form, a scaffolding on which their system of expression may be hung.

These two tempers and systems exist side by side in varying force at all times.

Masaccio, Piero della Francesca, Dürer,[3] Holbein, Leonardo and Raphael, Titian till his later days, Velazquez are in the main classics. Giovanni Pisano and Michael Angelo are the great Romantics; Tintoretto, Rubens, and Il Greco are some of the followers. In the modern period Ingres and Stevens are classic; Goya, Géricault, Delacroix, Daumier, Millet, Rodin are Romantics. Almost all Englishmen of any account are Romantics; if we look

[2] "Nineteenth Century Art." (Macmillan, 1902.)

[3] A check upon classic drawing is obedience to a normal form of canon of proportion Some years ago Mr. Sturge Moore published a pretentious book on Albert Dürer, in which he laid it down that Dürer's canon was used only to be departed from. He showed no acquaintance with Dürer's own writings on the subject, except a short passage translated by Sir Martin Conway, and that he had misunderstood. His view was accepted by all his critics, who evidently had not read Dürer's book. But a patient German, L. Justi, at the same time was publishing a treatise, showing that on the back of some of Dürer's drawings the construction from the canon was to be found and was followed.

for a classic among contemporary artists, English or French, it is hard to find any, except Mr. Havard Thomas, who is the extreme case (I am not now discussing relative merits but the completeness of the type). Mr. Walter Sickert is in theory a devout classic, all for the hairbreadth moulding of drawing after nature that is called Ingres: in practice he is a Cézanne, making uncertain shots at a real but elusive "petite sensation" of his own.

But if the writer of the preface started out with the thesis that his artists were Romantics expressing less objects than themselves, he suddenly abandoned this, and threw out an entirely new and incompatible third theory, namely, that they painted not appearances, not even emotions about appearances, but the Thing in Itself. They paint, he says, "the treeness of a tree," and elsewhere, "they draw a line round the concept of a thing." Now, if there is one thing that painting certainly cannot do, it is this. You can *think* the concept of a tree, and you can talk about it, since words allude to ideas but do not represent, but you cannot imagine it, and you cannot draw it. The concept includes every kind and size of tree, the drawing must represent one. So, to take a simpler case, you can *think* the general idea of a triangle, which includes equilateral, isosceles, and scalene triangles of all sizes; but you cannot draw it, because any triangle you draw must be one kind or another, one size or another. And the thing-in-itself, or "substance," being, by its nature, relieved of all particular appearances, cannot be drawn, because drawing is the art of visible appearance, not of invisible substance. It is true I can pick and choose among appearances those that, for my purpose, are most important; I can abstract from the total appearance of a tree; I can abstract its greenness or brownness, and draw it black; I can abstract its roundness, and draw it flat; I can abstract its leaves, and draw it bare; I can abstract its branches, and draw it a stump; but some part of the "treeness of the tree" goes with each abstraction and resides entirely in no one of these particulars. A tree may, for the imagination, present forcibly one of its qualities at a time; it may be a green dome of shade on a hot day, a ladder of retreat for a man from the attentions of a mad bull, a peg on which an apple hangs, a screen for an assassin, a choir for birds: and its own business of spreading out its million pores to the air and propagating its kind, which comes nearest to being its "treeness," may be what occupies the artist least and bores him most. He deals with the accidents of its life, that serve the purposes of his own kind. But if, because of this, he scorns the tree's own idea of its main business, misunderstands and cramps the rhythm that mysteriously arises from the strains and expansions of its anchoring, its feeding, and its breathing, he loses, not perhaps the significance for his story that the ladder or the peg or the umbrella would sufficiently furnish, he loses beauty, the beauty implicated in the processes of life, and cannot replace it however he may cudgel his invention.

Mr. Fry, as one would expect, produced a more coherent theory than the other writers: he declared, as the object of the "Post-Impressionists," the "discovery of the visual language of the imagination": a language analogous to music, and on this quest the abandonment of "naturalism." The "distortion" already conceded to the Romantics is a part of this, but he goes on to demand the suppression of natural perspective and chiaroscuro. Naturalistic perspective, he contends, prevents a painter from giving the significance, say, of a pageant, because the policeman near at hand obscures by his com-

parative bulk the really important figures. That is so only if the painter takes his stand immediately behind the policeman. There is no reason why a more distant point of view should not be chosen, and Gentile Bellini, Carpaccio, Titian, and Veronese solved this difficulty without trouble. Chiaroscuro can also, within the limits of naturalism, be minimized and almost excluded by a lighting of the picture from the front, or reduced, for decorative breadth, to one step between light and dark, as by Manet, and for the matter of that Maurice Denis. But no reasonable man would deny to the artist, for special reasons of expression or decoration, a break with strict perspective, which, indeed, is seldom to be found in good pictures, or complete abstraction from shadow. What Mr. Fry seems to forget is that perspective and shadow are not mere science: in the hands of great artists they are instruments of expression, perspective a threatening power in the hands of a Mantegna, shadow an instrument of reverie and pathos in the hands of a Rembrandt; they also, like form, are matter for design. What we may well concede, and what I for one have often asserted, is that the full accumulation of natural effect, the total instrument of painting, is not only unfit for certain purposes, but is beyond the strength of all but very great artists. Many can play on the pipe who cannot control to purpose all the keyboards of the organ. If that is what Post-Impressionism means, the greater part of recent painting in this country has been Post-Impressionist. Strang, Lavery and Brangwyn, Nicholson and Pryde, Ricketts and Shannon, John and Holmes, all deliberately or less consciously throw overboard one or another element in the full range of representation so as to keep the ship floating. There are many varieties of such sacrifice. These sacrifices may be necessary, but the danger of any deliberate stereotype thus adopted is that an artist who once limits his traffic with nature not only cuts himself off from fresh sources, but is in danger of losing even that which he hath. If out of the whole alphabet of appearances he limits himself to A B C for the sake of A, B and C are apt to grow insolent and make an end of A. Mr. Fry, if I understand him aright, welcomes the possibility of "genius" being no longer called for. He speaks of the possibilities of recovering an "anonymous" art, as if that were the same thing; but in the anonymous mediæval times it is easy to trace the points at which genius came in. He looks for the creation of a common language of imaginative expression which all might use, without any arduous training, without any wrestle with natural appearances, a language as direct as a child's in drawing. I agree that for such purposes laborious imitation is irrelevant, that the point of imitation reached in a thousand art schools is useless, because it will never be turned to imaginative use; but I hold with Blake against Mr. Fry that a man must learn to copy nature if, to any high purpose, he would copy his imagination. The odd thing about this new language of the imagination is that once acquired it seems not to widen the imaginative range, but to limit it to an orange, an apple, a napkin, and a pot. These are subjects which of all others surely call for the full texture of vision to render them interesting, for the art of a Chardin or a Manet. Nature seems to revenge herself by allowing to the rebels not even "nature *morte*"!

In the matter of Cézanne Mr. Fry holds, as does his able seconder Mr. Clutton Brock,[4] that we have "classic" art. I have already dealt with this claim, but Mr. Fry has an obsession under this head, which calls for a word of

[4] "Burlington Magazine," January 1911.

examination. He appears to think that the residual element of reality, which renders painting "classic," is the expression of solidity, and that solidity is most fully expressed by the elimination of light and shade and the addition of a thick contour. We are reminded, at this point, of Mr. Berenson's famous "tactile values." The expression was ill chosen, because Mr. Berenson did not mean values of touch at all, but the sense of energy put forth and of resistance, which are quite different things; or else those appreciations of depth which (*pace* Berkeley) depend not on tactile but on visual machinery. The Florentine School of painting sprang from sculpture; hence its preoccupation with solidity; the Venetians made painting more distinctly a painter's art by their preoccupation with color. This by way of parenthesis. Cézanne certainly "blocks in" his forms with thick lines which give them a certain brutal force, but he does it indiscriminately with a flower-pot, which if solid is fragile, and with table-cloths, which are as little solid as objects may be. And Mr. Fry finds this magic of solidity in the most unlikely features. Cézanne sometimes draws the mouth of a circular vase or flower-pot seen in perspective not as an ellipse, but like a gutta-percha ellipse that has been squeezed till its sides are parallel; producing, Mr. Fry says, a greater effect of solidity. Why Cézanne did this it is idle to conjecture; in one piece he draws three flower-pots side by side, and their lower contours range from a straight line to a lop-sided curve. It is probable then that the flattened forms arise rather from thoughtless or clumsy shots at form than from an intention; but if intention there was, it must have been an intention to flatten the shape, not to expand it. The true shape of a circle in wide perspective has so straining an influence on the picture-field that designers are tempted to attenuate it; thus Puvis de Chavannes, in the foreground of one of his best-known mural paintings, draws a fountain-basin in the shape of Cézanne's flower-pot mouth. He, and perhaps Cézanne, was really flattening his form for decorative reasons. Mr. Fry finds the same "classic" merits in the still-lifes with which Picasso has been rewarding the devout fervor of disciples. One of these I was privileged to see in Mr. Fry's company. In a "design" that looked like fragments of stained glass pieced together could be made out the outline of a bashed flower-pot and a lemon, and other objects were explained to be a curtain and a piece of paper. In this case the mouth of the flower-pot reversed the formula of Cézanne: it had the shape of an irregular almond, with sharp ends; but was still affirmed to increase the solidity of the pot's reality: a sufficient *reductio ad absurdum*, one would think. The "paper" was indeed solid, solid as iron; but then "one must not look for imitation of nature." Why then have paper at all? If my classic emotion before an orange may lead me to represent it, not as a sphere of orange-color, but as a cube of green, need I look at oranges at all? And if the "balance of directions," as I was told, requires that the flower-pot should be mutilated, why take this "direction" at the expense of a flower-pot? If all we want is a play of "directions" leading nowhere, why do the flower-pot and lemon linger on the field, like indestructible properties saved, in the wreck of the universe, from the old still-lifes? The truth is that these painters have never betrayed the faintest capacity for the most rudimentary exercises in pattern design. They have, on the contrary, in this direction, an appalling taste; witness the mess by Herbin, recently served up for the readers of *The New Age*, which looked like a number of scraps from bad wax-cloth patterns stitched together. The admir-

ers of these things are hypnotized, exactly as a hen may be, held over a chalk-mark.

Mr. Fry was perhaps at heart not quite satisfied with his artists, of whom his eulogy was a little disappointing: in default of existing examples, he took the heroic course of producing them. With a sporting spirit I cannot sufficiently applaud, the authorities of a respectable educational institution, the Borough Polytechnic, committed to him and those about him the painting of their walls. It was really a magnificent thing for a committee to do, and if committees elsewhere will show the same adventurous spirit we shall get on with the necessary experimental stages of a fresh period in mural decoration. I am going to be critical about these paintings, but there is not a doubt that in two of the artists employed Mr. Fry singled out new talents of which a great deal may be expected, Mr. Duncan Grant and Mr. Etchells. I have seen pictures elsewhere by Mr. Grant that give this conviction more certainly than the wall-paintings, and the flower-piece recently at the Carfax Gallery was enough to prove him a fine colorist. Mr. Etchells' panel at Southwark was the most striking in its assertion of a bald, forcible rhythm, and this assertion of abstract rhythm was almost all that the new artists provided. That, however, is the fundamental, and we may look for a development into something richer. I mean that if a painter takes a Hampstead Heath Bank Holiday as his theme, he is making very little of it if he sets up figures that might be women anywhere reduced to the lowest common terms of humanity and action. Surely the dress, the fantastic hats, the Cockney character have something to supply that need not conflict with a deliberate structure in the design. There were absurdities of treatment besides. The ground and background were painted as if built up of tesserae; why should wall-painting imitate mosaic? Why, again, should Mr. Grant's figures look like diagrams of anatomy when their anatomy is obviously fantastic? And what suggestion of the rhythm of water do we gain from a treatment of its surface that looks like slabs of a marble floor tilted at angles to one another? Mr. Albert Rothenstein's design was more reasonable in its simplifications, less ruthless in its abstractions, and more subtle in color; but the practice of small drawings told in a comparative failure of mass and general silhouette. Mr. Fry's own contribution had a genial idea, but calls for revision, since his little girl giving a bun to an elephant was neither standing on her legs, doing what she is supposed to do, nor attending to what she is supposed to be doing. But the total effect in a dismal room was gay, and has stirred a great deal of wholesome speculation.

A curious thing about those designs is that probably without any knowledge on the part of their painters they are much more nearly in the vein of Seurat, the "Neo-Impressionist" leader, than of any of the "Post-Impressionists." Seurat, an artist of rather vulgar temperament, was a man of ideas. It was he who brought in the mosaic of dots, and it was he who produced a series of designs of dancing and other figures in severely repeated parallelism. Mr. Fry might revive him for another Grafton Exhibition.

Since then Mr. Fry has opened an exhibition of his own paintings on a less ambitious scale. As I look back on his production before it took this sudden turn, I remember a succession of phases. There was a good deal of *pastiche*, ingenious exercises, now in one form of the older art, now in another. But every now and then there would peep out something of his own, a "petite sensation" trying to get itself

expressed, shivering a little because the borrowed clothes were cast aside, but much more interesting than the borrowings. And in the recent exhibition I find the same contrast. A great deal of it is *pastiche* of a new set of models. These are what I should call toy-box pictures, theoretical reductions of sketches to block forms through which, as through the reading of a picture in chunks of wood or in large wool stitches, the sketch may be vaguely seen. Others, like the flood scenes at Guildford, are a development of something more truly apprehended, and set down with a greater confidence than of old. The toy-box system may be useful for an artist who wishes to strip his design down to its simplest terms in the process of work: it is certainly not a method by which the artist can say anything individual: pictures painted on this system are as like one another as the work of the "Ripolin" painters, to use the image that a witty friend has suggested. The best painting in the exhibition was a portrait of Mr. McTaggart, the Cambridge philosopher, who once wrote on "The Further Determination of the Absolute," an explanation of what really constitutes the Thing-in-Itself. Here, Mr. Fry must have thought, is a subject for the new art; but if the color is negative and the background a needless reminiscence of Van Gogh's patterns, the head is drawn with no more of caricature than the character of the sitter reasonably suggested.

Here I might stop, if account were taken only of the merits of the pictures that have been put forward and of the theories that have been spun about them. But it has been noticeable that the attraction of these pictures for many people was not what they positively were, but rather what they negatively excluded. They were welcomed in the degree in which they renounced with violence the world as it is seen. They were accepted as a promise, queer and doubtful, of a painting that should render the world beneath appearances, the world *unseen*. There cropped up again and again in discussion the word "symbol." These distortions of reality were thought, in some unexplained way, to give us "symbols" of a deeper reality than the painter ordinarily represents. Mr. Fry, indeed, started in chase of the will-of-the-wisp of a painting that should use symbols free from particularity like words, as Mallarmé sought for verse that should use words and their associations freely, almost like music. The difficulty is that painted symbols can supply no "argument" like words; that they represent the nouns of speech, but not the verbs, nor any conjunctions except "and"; while Mr. Fry and his school are taking away most of the adjectives. It is a muddle-headed condition of mind that sees "symbols" in the still-lifes we have been dealing with. A colorless sphere or a circle may be used as the symbol of an orange; an orange can hardly be called the symbol of a circle.

But the hankering thus incongruously revealed for symbols in painting, for this paradoxical use of an art whose natural field is the superficial beauty of visible reality in all its infinite variety, this need is after all a need of the religious spirit, calling for help from the imagination to picture what is strictly unimaginable and therefore cannot be painted. The sterner religions, Hebrew and Mohammedan, have forbidden such a use of art, a traducing of the unseen by idols; but the weakness of humanity has demanded some equivalent, in terms of the despised visible beauty, for the life of the soul and the superhuman beings of its adoration. It was this hankering, so entirely unsatisfied, so actively repelled by the disgusting pictures ordinarily called religious, that was anew excited by the ru-

mor of a return in painting to symbolic art.

When I drew the distinction referred to above between "Classic" and "Romantic" drawing, and defined the attitudes behind these, by names from the Greek myth of Olympians and Titans, I set over against these two, as the third dominating attitude of the imagination, the Mystic—I did not develop the consequences of the last for drawing so far as the other two—partly because of the obscurity of the inquiry, partly because illustration of the attitude in modern art is so scanty. But the question at least calls for definite posing even at the end of a short article like this; as there is a Classic and a Romantic drawing, is there also a Mystic drawing? Can we trace the laws that govern the artist who attempts to render the superhuman in some sort of visible terms? Symbolic, evidently, the drawing must be; that is to say the image given will be there not fully to represent anything, but to mediate with the Unseen, as Incarnation with God, to stand for something beyond itself. In what ways will the drawing suggest this?

The modern romantic temper tends to confound with mystic vision two words whose sound favors the confusion, "mystery" and "mist." The first of these was originally the mystic's drama, the rite of initiation, but it has been worn down till it means little more than something misty; and mistiness is the romantic evasion for mystic vision. But this is the reverse of the character we find in the images of really religious times. Definiteness of outline, massive form, are their characteristics, as of forces imperishable and unchanging. And we may put this more generally by saying that as much as possible every element of contingency must be excluded, all those features that made Plato distrust the art of painting because they render the idea a shifting thing. For this reason perspective will be minimized, for this reason changing light and shadow, the mirage of atmosphere, the decomposition of reflected lights; in composition the studied confusion of the picturesque, in expression all transitory emotion will be banished for severe symmetry and solemn calm. The illusion of the passing world will be reduced to its lowest term of abstraction, and for this reason sculpture, in what is obviously not flesh, will be preferred to painting. Detail and accessory will be as rigorously dealt with; such incident and detail as is admitted will be admitted reluctantly only because it is forced upon the artist to enhance significance. And symbolic realities thus admitted will wear some mark of strangeness, as by the faint tradition of religion people still "dress for church." It shows how far this idea has been perverted that the modern does not put on a dress, like a surplice, that would sink his individuality; Mrs. Brown does not wear a veil, but affirms herself not Mrs. Jones by her competitive hat. That is not surprising, since for so many centuries religious art has been lost, has been ebbing with the receding wave that withdrew religion itself to the East from which it came. Just as in Greek art the "classic" period is too realistic and human to be religious, so in Gothic figures like *Le beau Christ* of Amiens are already outside, and in painting we must go back to "primitives" behind Titian for examples of what we are in search of. In early Greek and Gothic blocks, in mosaic on non-illusive golden grounds, in Egyptian granite, in oriental bronze, something of the divine and eternal was communicated. And the drawing of such images differs from the choice realism of classic art, the curiosity and personal emphasis of romantic; it sweeps over the minor points of representation that in portrait, in the

drama, in genre and still-life are properly sought out and enforced. In the native lands of religion this synthetic drawing has extended itself beyond the religious subject, has checked the portrait-painter when he deals with the individual, and even the landscape painter, tied to symbols when he seeks the freedom of clouds or sea.

That only a religious revival could restore the conditions in which even the other great kinds of painting might grow again to their highest stature is, I think, an inevitable conclusion from history; and monumental art of any kind calls for "sacrifices" of small imitation. But the "sacrifices" of the "Post-Impressionists" seem to me to be sacrifices in the wrong place, and not to be laid on the altar even of an absent god.

D. S. MacColl.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

CONVERSION A PSYCHOLOGICAL FACT.

We have conversion of stocks, and there seems no just reason why we should not have also conversion of souls. As a matter of fact, it seems to be one of the many miracles that do happen daily. Unless we agree to refuse the testimony of history, and the vital experience of human hearts in myriads, we must believe this. *Fiat lux! Et facta est lux—e tenebris.* Were the miracle of conversion confined to things spiritual alone, and the evidence of mere subjective feelings, we might fairly question its truth. *Dubitatio*, as Cicero says, *de omnibus rebus*, has its uses. Doubt acts as a safeguard against precipitate conclusions or false inferences—"doubts, too, may have some divinity in them." But when we are perpetually knocking against universals, and conversions grow as plentifully as blackberries—upon every hedge, so to speak—any misgiving seems absurd. When, for instance, we see a revolution in somebody's conduct evident to all, a selfish life suddenly transformed into an unselfish one, pursuit of pleasure renounced for service and sacrifice, the autotelic choice exchanged for the heterotelic, and a complete transvaluation of all old values, in the light of the Cross, we must agree that some tremendous spiritual crisis has occurred. *Old things are passed away: behold all things are become new.* "When heaven begins and the dead arise, no trumpet is blown," no banners are waved. But we see a difference, not only at the circumference but at the centre. Conversion, then, though a miracle (and *omnia exeunt in miracula*), does happen every day and every hour. Each new grand creative idea means something of exactly the same kind. It carries with it the dynamic destiny, the energizing power, of a spiritual conversion. In religious matters it comes not so much a statement as a confession of faith, not so much a confession of faith as an act of worship, not so much an act of worship as a fresh relationship, and not so much a fresh relationship as a changed standpoint and a different outlook on life and the cosmos. It is fundamental, organic, universal, in its sweeping range. In conversion the soul passes immediately from the sense of a general relationship towards God to the sense of a special and particular relationship—and not simply towards God, but towards other souls and the whole world. A new heaven and a new earth begin. Nay, more than this, because conversion implies the positive and actual and direct enjoyment of the altered relationship. The creature grows conscious that his

personality (imperfect in itself) needs the supplementing factor of another Perfect Personality and its driving force, to render life completely a link in a larger and catholic attachment. Deep calls unto deep, and spirit to spirit. In some mystical and divine manner God appears Himself but a Part and not a Whole, until we have surrendered ourselves to Him. In an inexplicable, transcendental way, we are necessary to the fullness of His Being *sub specie temporis*. He desires us and wants us, as truly as we desire and want Him. To effect this wonderful union, we must put off the old man, the animal in us, the principle of self-will, and put on the new man, the Christ, our complement. Not till then do we understand ourselves, or God, or the simplest fact in the world.

Conversion involves a new budding-point, an abrupt departure in a new direction, like one of Hugo De Vries's mutations. An arrest, a suspension, in the old growth has taken place, in the hidden chambers of the heart. The appearance may be startlingly sudden, but nevertheless there has been a process before the visible event, and sometimes of lengthy duration. No one now for a moment entertains the idea that the conversion of St. Paul arose out of the journey to Damascus and originated on the way. The vision and the voice that he then saw and heard proved but the occasion for the display of the revolution in his soul. St. Stephen's martyrdom, and many other heroic confessions of faith, had shaken his old world to the foundations. The revelation on the road added the consummating touch, the one thing needful. It crystallized the fluid process. Tennyson knew this when he wrote in his *In Memoriam*—

> Thou deep chilling vase of tears,
> *That grief hath shaken into frost.*

Only the Apostle's crystallization was one of flame, that gave him a burning heart of fire. Creative processes can be sudden and immediate merely in this ultimate manifestation. The secret work may have been going on for years, and have cost a vast expenditure of mental and moral suffering. Lightly come, lightly go. Anything to be permanent and fruitful demands time and thought and prayer and proving. Ages of patient effort lie behind the humblest leaf or flower, before the final form and requisite balance and perfect correspondence with the environment were obtained. The first reactions would be necessarily timid and tentative and quite inadequate. In an arena of universal competition the surviving organisms, souls or plants or animals must have fought, and fought hard, and paid the bitter price for their efficiency in the end. Readjustment followed readjustment, before the desired equilibrium resulted in autonomy of life responding to every impact of its surroundings, and attaining the dignity of a separate existence solely by being a co-existence. "Those which others term crosses, afflictions, judgments, misfortunes, to me who inquire farther into them than the visible effects, they both appear and in event have ever proved the secret and dissembled favors of His affection." But how did Sir Thomas Browne learn this deep teaching? Not casually, or capriciously, or in an hour or two of reflection or endurance, but only in course of time and after many falls and failures and

> The years that bring the philosophic mind.

The purchase-money was weighed out in tears and fears, in anguish of heart, through bereavements and losses. As none ever became a scoundrel in a moment—*nemo subito turpissimus fuit*—but only after long preparation and perpetual surrenders to folly and vice and cowardice, so assuredly none ever became a saint without much suffering and the uttermost price. Epicurus

even recognized the cost of any great attainment when he said, "For God's sake crowd on sail, and flee from all culture." This was of course pure perversity, as the right kind of culture must help and cannot hinder the most delicate and sensitive soul. But we appreciate conversion better than we can describe it, and we must live it in order to know it. As writes Prof. Taylor of St. Andrews, "It is often the things which are hardest to picture which can be most readily defined for the understanding." We may see the logic of a fact clearly, but to represent it clearly in popular form seems often impossible. *Solvitur vivendo.*

Epicurus said practically, if not in so many words, long before Locke, "Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu." He even makes the highest happiness consist in the reproduction (inevitably often feeble) of old past "somatic thrills." This conveys but a half truth—we give what we receive. But the other half states the very opposite—

O lady, we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live.

Goldwin Smith recognizes this truth, in his written record of an expedition to Europe and a series of visits to centres of literary and historic interest. "What you bring back from a tour, depends on what you take to it." We read, to put it a little differently, that a mummy has been unearthed on the banks of the Nile, wrapt up in strips of an Etruscan book written on linen and cut up for the purpose. There we find the fact, and yet we may truly say that the explorer's intelligent mind placed there those tell-tale clippings. But for the play of the imagination, nothing Etruscan would have been discovered. We meet not so much what we hope or expect consciously, as what we unconsciously contribute. Now in conversion we fall, so to speak, suddenly on God, whom indeed we bring with us as the Higher, Best, and One Perfect Self. It seems impossible to say where this vital and elemental process begins or ends. For the principle, the creative factor of conversion, runs through mind and matter alike, through the evolution of the ego and the evolution of the cosmos. Transformation, development, change, growth, the production of the many from the one, confront us everywhere as a familiar fact. Single and simple impressions are compounded into more and more complex expressions, and the somatic thrill receives a new value and new name when it has entered the psychological machinery and taken the stamp of the spiritual and been utterly and entirely re-minted. But for the creative energy of conversion, as for instance in the case of chlorophyll, how would the world exist a day? When we see this transmuting operation so persistent and so triumphant in the material sphere and the shaping of phenomena, how can we logically deny its presence and power in the mental and moral and spiritual and religious regions? What, in truth, is life but metabolism? And what shall we call conversion but metabolism or a new life? The fixed and final, so far as anything can be fixed and final, where motion or unstable equilibrium appears the cosmic law, rests as it always did and always will on the fleeting or impermanent. The surface perpetually alters its appearance, the constituent elements pass from one re-combination to another, but the thing, the principle, the ultimate reality, remains the same amid a thousand thousand different forms. Conversion, in some way or other, is the law of life and growth in every thought and in every thing.

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks.

Consistency, that perpetuates a type which has been long outgrown by its

age and ceased to energize usefully, and returns no appropriate reactions to the pressure of events, acts far more dangerously than inconsistency.

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Nietzsche imagined that physics proved the non-existence of God, while, of course, they prove His existence, as much as anything can. What lies, what works, behind physics but principle, and what behind principle but directivity, and what behind directivity but Personality. But then God reveals Himself always as the Supreme Converter. All the grand forces seem to be allelomorphs, or forms of one another. Science even now easily transmutes power into work, and work back again into power. The cosmos, on examination and analysis, proves to be but the playing-ground of the Divine and Eternal Child. Yes, for God at work means invariably God at play—as the "fairy tales of Science" for ever are informing us. And at the bottom of progress and civilization resides the ability to convert energy into useful service. Sacrifice seems the root of all. Conversion bears the trade-mark of the Cross—for God also trades with souls. *Dieu me pardonnera* (*me changera*), *c'est son métier*. And when He wishes to get something, something more and something creative, out of a life that needs expansion by suffering, He takes away everything in order that He may give everything. The particular soul puts off the "old man" and puts on the "new man," in a transvaluation of values. Death of a kind ensues—*mors janua vitae*. That which incessantly goes on in the tissues and in the body, by destruction and repair, by excretion and secretion, goes on in a healthy living soul. The old spiritual tissues are shed just like waste matter, and new ideas and new feelings take the place of those excreted and discharged. But they transmit in the act of dissolution the permanent and universal in them to their successors, the divine handwriting, as surely as the *ostraka* recently excavated at Samaria reveal the Hebrew (and not the Babylonian) character of the language. Philosophy, said Epicurus, is an activity, which by means of reason and discussion produces a happy life. This may be questioned. But certainly spiritual life, the greatest of all activities, achieves its happiness (or perhaps rather blessedness) by the exercise of a higher reason and a deeper discussion—namely, the reason of the heart which stands above reason or is a reason of its own, and that divine discussion which God requires and ever commands. *"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."* Anaximander in the early part of the sixth century before Christ, and much more Empedocles in the fifth century, virtually taught evolution. But, from the beginning of the world, antecedent to both of these great philosophers, the human heart recognized and acted upon this tremendous truth, because there never was a time when it did not own the power of Christ's creative Love, making all things new. *"God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself."*

From the very first, Christ dwelt and energized by conversion in the mind of man, by conversion of the static into the dynamic, hidden power into fruitful works. Through the fundamental psychological principles of resistance and submission or non-resistance, through competition and co-operation, always inseparably united—through surrender and perpetual belligerence, a constant correspondence of self-readjusting active and passive

faculties, the disintegrating functions of

The thoughts that wander through eternity—
The consecration and the poet's dream—

it was still Christ the Converter who inspired and directed rebel man, onward and upward to the full height of heavenly privileges. But just as the eye does not perceive the waves and vibrations of light but colors, so we throughout history and the evolution of the ego have too often mistaken mere accessories for the cause. We have failed to see the inspiring and informing and evolving Christ Principle—"*by whom also God made the worlds.*" Philosophy has not recognized the ultimate realities, and has been diverted from its legitimate course by the contemplation of mere accidents and antecedents that were only accidents and antecedents, by sequences that were not consequences, and collaterals that were not coefficients. It beheld the process of conversion going on, but missed the presence and plan of the Converter behind, by whom the raw material of consciousness and inarticulate feeling was gradually worked up and out into ethical adventures dimly discerned in the loose intercourse of animals, till the moral rudiments gravitating slowly to their centre became "a naked intent stretching unto God," clothing itself by degrees with the substance of religion, while in a few elect and select souls this upward and inward *nisus* grew at last "privied in Him that is All." It has been asserted that we shall never get a philosophy of science, because experience is at the best individual, and we can never conclude universals from particulars. This sounds convincing, but to spiritual testimony it hardly appears to apply. Subjective feelings may not be the criteria of objective realities. But, when the subjectivities and particularities universally agree in type and broad outlines and fundamentals, if not in details owing to the entrance of the personal equation, we surely need entertain no suspicion that the results reached are not satisfactory and solid. *Coelum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.* The human heart, or mind, exposed to the same spiritual environment, invariably acts or reacts, in the same general way. As the displacements noticed by Spitta and others in St. John's Gospel do not impair the value of the Gospel, so the intrusion of the particular and personal element cannot shake the central fact of conversion. The existence even now of Quietists, as the early Epicureans undoubtedly were, and their repudiation of public life and the solidarity of society with the accompanying duties, does not alter the truth, that we possess a public life and definite responsibilities to that and to the society in which our lot has been cast. Now conversion will never be identical at all points in different human beings, or the world would be beggared of its perennial attractiveness in fresh charms and unfailing novelties. But who does not in some shape or other yield to the yoke of its educating force? Plato unquestionably recognized the root of conversion, as he recognized most truths, when he taught that life should be an increasing conformity to the likeness of God. Nor was Aristotle far behind him, when he said we should transmute the mortal into the immortal and as it were cultivate immortality. And above all Heraclitus darkly proclaimed the truth. There was from the first, wherever we place our first, a capacity for conversion or power of variability. Aristotle rightly proclaimed this, when he declared potentiality was prior to actuality in time and in knowledge, though actuality was always presupposed by potentiality. And it is the soul's capacity for conversion or endless variability in an endless evolution,

that renders it religious or spiritual and therefore immortal. We call God unchanging and eternal, and so He necessarily must be. But, at the same time, while His divine character remains everlastingly the same, if His conduct did not change with changing conditions, there could be no cosmos and no development and no progress. For, like Iris, the Deity stands revealed *per mille coloribus arcum*. In accepting the terms of finitude, through creation, God accepted also thereby the *varium et mutabile semper* which is Divinity no less than woman—

> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Life, while it remains continuity, rhythm, and freedom, nevertheless defines itself most practically by conversion, which holds good of the saint no less than of the sinner. Consciousness, its highest form, will never be reduced (as Ernst Haeckel holds) to phenomena of physics and chemistry. It does not present a mere physiological problem. Indeed, in his latest utterances, he appears disposed to come to terms of a kind with the spiritual. In the conversion of the hardened sinner, we behold a natural (as well as a spiritual) process, the dawning of the Christ conception always there though latent, and the renunciation of the beast rule transmitted by the animal ancestry. There occurs in the awakening soul not merely an acquisition but a sacrifice, while the acquisition is really but an explicit appropriation of what was implicit, the energy of the Cross which arises by falling and gains by losing and lives by dying. And to this end we need the clash of conflict, the sweet antagonisms of social and public effort or intercourse. Religious seminaries too frequently subside into religious cemeteries. The soul, always and instinctively a fighting being, demands room and opportunity for its expansion from the simple to the complex, from the good to the better, from the better to the best, and from the best to the most best, and so on eternally. We find ourselves confronted by three great powers, heredity, the environment, and the personal factor, and all operate in conversion. But the driving dynamic behind all is Christ.

F. W. Orde Ward.

The London Quarterly Review.

THE MAN OF STRAW.

In Two Parts. Part I.

There comes a point in almost every man's life when he seems able to say that the past is past, and that the future is to be divided from it by a certain definite action. As Paul Kwolsinski, Prince of the Holy Russian Empire, walked across the Place de la Concorde, in Paris, one soft evening in May, with the rise up to the Etoile curtained in soft, luminous mist behind him, and before him the great pile of the Louvre, the swift-flowing river, and the busy streets, he was saying to himself that he had come to this very point. The present was represented by the Englishwoman he had just left; the future meant the life he hoped to lead with her when she was his wife, the past certain tempestuous days of his early manhood.

He began to loiter. The soft evening air came fresh to him; the sky was streaked with gold and crimson and soft lemon. He smiled that slow, placid smile of a very big man. The peace of his present existence, the knowledge that his ways were the ways of those who feared neither questions nor investigations, had a charm for him —the charm of contrast; for Paul Alexandrovitch, a Russian on his father's side, on his mother's English,

had lived in a time of ferment, of evasion, of absolute peril.

That movement in Russia which those who looked on it with favor called "a step towards emancipation," which those who looked on it with horror called "a stride towards anarchy," had spent its first great force before Paul was old enough to participate. But there remained enough strength in it, when he was twenty, to captivate an eager lad. He saw that all was not right, and he did not stop to think if he and his friends were taking the best way to make things better. He was ardent, provocative, unwise. The very warrant for his arrest was signed, when his mother succeeded in obtaining an audience with the Czar. Alexander listened to the Englishwoman, whom he knew, whom he liked. He promised her six months' grace. If she could tame Paul in that time all should be forgotten.

Circumstances fought for the Princess Kwolsinski. Not a week later she was summoned to Lausanne, where Paul had insisted on going, he said, to study. She found him in strange lodgings, among strange companions, men and women, seriously ill with typhoid.

Paul did not know her when she bent over him. He looked at her indifferently; he looked on equally indifferently when a tall girl, with the curious golden-colored eyes peculiar to the Slavs, with a face which was striking in a disturbing way, rose, and with a gesture, a superb gesture, made the sick man over to his mother.

"Nursing is not my *métier*," this magnificent creature announced. "I am glad you are come. The illness has wasted my time. I have work to do."

The Princess let the girl go in silence. She was all a part of the craze which had monopolized Paul; and then, as soon as the doctor gave a doubtful permission, she carried her son away, not to a town, not to a city, not to where men were to be found, and women, but to a yacht. There, on the open sea, with an expanse of water about him, with the sky a great blue dome above him, Paul came back to health and strength.

It was his mother's day, and she made the most of it.

When he left the yacht Paul went with her to her English property. There he lived for the next few years.

It was while he was leading the life of the average English squire—hunting, shooting, and yet finding time to learn the necessities of the tenants, of the land, of the cottagers—that he met Veronica Quayle.

Veronica was only a little younger than he, and the two had much to say to each other from the first.

The Princess looked on, silent and not dissatisfied. No woman thinks another woman quite good enough for her son; but Veronica was not a choice that a sensible mother could resent, and events had made the Princess eminently sensible. She was just beginning to wonder to herself, with a whimsical smile, whether she should think about doing up the dower-house, when one morning Paul came into her boudoir and announced his intention of returning to Russia.

"And Veronica Quayle?" questioned the Princess, startled for once out of her tactfulness.

The big man drew himself up. His mother fancied that beneath his dark moustache his lips were pressed tightly together.

"Miss Quayle is the most beautiful woman I know—and the best," he said briefly.

That afternoon Paul took the train for London. As soon as the express could get him there he was in Petersburg.

The Princess wondered if Veronica could have refused him, but one look

at the girl's face decided that. Veronica was bearing herself proudly, but it is the proud women who suffer.

Paul did not come back; the Princess went to him. Veronica seemed to fade out of his life.

It was of all these past events, and of the entanglement of them, that Paul was thinking before he put them, as he believed, for ever behind him. Veronica had been in Paris for two years. He had come to Paris because she had an *appartement* there. He had just left her. This time he asked her to be his wife, and she had not refused. He had explained to her what he had never confided to another living being, and when he finished there had been a great pity on her face.

"Oh my dear! my dear!" she breathed.

Paul came up close to her. They stood together, for one minute, for two, for three. He put his arm about her; she rested against him. They spoke no word. She had not married; he had not. They both had suffered.

Suddenly the passionate, the Russian, side of his nature cried out within Paul. "If I had lost you always, Veronica! If I had lost you always!" was wrung from him.

The tall woman with the dark eyes looked up. "Then," she answered simply, "I should have waited always."

Paul bent over her and gathered her yet closer. There was more than love in his face; there was the reverence, the man's deep reverence for a woman when she shows herself greater than he knows he could have been himself. "Who but you would have believed that I could not help myself when I left you?" he breathed.

Veronica looked up at him again. "It all depends on how much one loves," she said gently.

After this they had talked; they had been silent, she and Paul, but they had rejoiced. An hour later he left her. She promised to let him return to dine; and now, because there was a little while to spare, because he could not go back to his hotel and settle to the paper or his letters, when he came to the head of the Rue de Rivoli he turned into the garden of the Tuileries. The children who gambol all day on the pebbles between the tall trees had mostly gone home; a beggar with paper toys flapped a monster beetle in his face; he skirted one of the benches occupied by a smart *midinette* and her young man. As he came before the monument which marks the site of the destroyed palace Paul chanced to look over his shoulder, and he noticed—for a habit of minute observation, once acquired is never lost—that a man he had seen walking down the Champs Elysées was still behind him. He quietly looked ahead as he would have done had he been in Petersburg more than twenty years ago. One of the first things a Revolutionary is taught is that if he suspects he is being followed, on no account to glance behind him again.

The next moment Paul smiled to himself. Why should he think of Revolutionaries and their injunctions on this day of all days? None the less he pulled up before the monument, as if to read the inscription on its base, to give the man behind him time to pass. He heard the footsteps crunching the gravel; he heard them close behind him, level with him, and then they stopped.

It was one moment before Paul could bring himself to look round. Life had never been dear to him as it was now, and it made him nervous, timorous. He moved to the left.

And then the individual, moving with him, asked in French, "The Prince Paul Kwolsinski, is it not?"

"That is my name," answered Paul. He was calm now, collected. He waited, looking down at the middle-aged, shabby individual beside him.

The man, with a frock-coat a size too big for his spare frame, the cloth brown with age, with a tall hat of that shape peculiar to Paris some ten years ago, with a long, bony face which seemed absolutely devoid of expression, waited too; but when he saw that Paul did not intend to add a word, he went on, "I meant to call at your hotel, *mon Prince*, for I saw by the journal that you had arrived."

"Who are you?" demanded Paul.

The thin man drew back his upper lip. Apparently that was his equivalent for a smile. "You would not know my name," he answered, "and it does not matter to you; but I am charged with a message from one you will know."

"And that is?" demanded Paul.

"I am charged by Madame Shiroff—by Madame Sonia Shiroff—to tell you where she lives, and to beg you to come and see her at once upon a matter of urgent importance," he answered.

As the shabby man said these words the clocks of Paris boomed out the hour. From the Seine sounded the shrill whistle of the penny steamboat pulling up at the steps by the Louvre; on the one hand was the roar of traffic in the Rue de Rivoli; across the bridge on the other hand was a rival roar of carts and cabs and wagons, of cries from the drivers, of the cracking of whips, of the insistent bell from the tram-cars.

Paul heard not a sound. The name this unknown man had uttered rendered his ears deaf to anything else. He put his hand into his pocket; he took it out; he asked himself whether he was indeed that Paul Alexandrovitch Kwolsinski who had just left Veronica Quayle, who had just heard Veronica promise to be his wife.

He loved Veronica; he had loved her ever since he realized what the feeling of a man for a woman might imply; and she had waited for him. It was the crown of all, that—contrary to reason, contrary to appearances, with not a single thing to go on—she had waited for him just because, loving him, she believed in him. And now?

The possibility was so awful that Paul faced it calmly. He turned to the shabby man, who was watching him narrowly.

"You say," he remarked, "that you have a message for me from Madame Sonia Shiroff. I think you must be mistaken. The only Madame Sonia Shiroff I ever knew is dead."

Again the shabby man drew back his lips until he showed the receding gums and the long yellow teeth. "I am not mistaken, *mon Prince*," he answered. "Come with me and you will see."

"Where?" demanded Paul.

"To the Rue Pelegrine, to the Hôtel Lombard in that street. Madame has a room there."

Paul looked straight before him. He knew Paris, and he knew the aspect of the locality to which he was being invited. It was a poor quarter, but not an evil one. He remembered that he was very big, that he was very strong. He remembered too—and how the reflection hurt!—that he could not go back to Veronica until he had made sure who this Madame Shiroff might or might not be. "Very well," he decided. "I will go with you. But," he added significantly, "you will walk before me."

The two set off. They crossed the Seine, they penetrated into the network of streets by Notre Dame, they turned into the Rue Pelegrine, and in a moment Paul saw before him the tall, gaunt house, let out in *chambres garnis*, which was dignified by the title of the Hôtel Lombard.

The fat proprietress, with carmine cheeks and a profusion of black curls, was in the glass box which commanded a view of the entrance and of the staircase.

The shabby man nodded to her. "Good-evening," he said affably. "I bring a visitor."

"Who desires a room?" questioned the buxom dame.

"Who comes to see madame of No. 27," the shabby man answered.

"Proceed, then," muttered the proprietress indifferently.

The two men mounted the stairs, which were devoid of carpet and badly in want of soap and water, until, when they had gone up three flights, the guide paused before a door with "27" painted on it.

Without so much as the ceremony of knocking, the shabby man flung it open. "*Voilà!*" he ejaculated, and he addressed Paul, as, with a wave of his hand, he indicated a woman stretched on a sofa.

Paul looked before him. It was the hideous room customary to such an establishment—as stuffy as if the window had not been opened for weeks, badly in want of a fresh paper, with everything in it dingy at the best, and generally dirty. But Paul looked past the accessories to the figure which had half-risen as he entered. The next moment he walked nearer, and stood gazing searchingly at a pallid woman's face.

A pair of faded eyes, which were neither gray nor green, but which in their youth must have been luminously golden, looked back at him. Paul stood stock-still, stood and searched this face with an examining glance.

Without, on the stairs, a child began to cry, and a shrill, fretful woman's voice began to expostulate; two girls—they must have been very young, their laugh was so irresponsible, exchanged confidences as they passed the half-open door.

Paul aroused himself. "Leave us," he said to the shabby man, and the command was so imperative that the individual in question turned about and went out at once.

Then Paul asked one question. "Who are you?" he said to the figure before him.

The woman rose now, getting on to her feet as if the movement were a painful effort. She was very tall; her gestures were still superb; there was scorn, there was disdain, in the poise of her head; but she was thin to emaciation. And when she spoke her voice no longer vibrated; it had a hollow, lifeless sound which made Paul start, for he knew its significance. It implied solitary confinement in a Russian fortress. "I was Sonia Shiroff when you knew me," she said; "but the name by which I am best known now is——"

"Is——" breathed Paul.

"Elida Sanspeur."

The two words were spoken in an undertone and with a glance at the door.

As the Prince Kwolsinski heard them he started. "Then you are the woman," he breathed, "who——"

"Who is being sought for by the Russian secret police," she supplemented; "the woman who blew up the fortress of Moscow, who escaped from Siberia, who threw the bomb at the governor, but who——"

"Who ——" whispered Paul again.

"Who was Sonia Shiroff when you knew her."

The big man winced. "I had the report of your death six months ago, the official report from the chief of police," he interposed.

The tall woman smiled, then sat down suddenly as if she were too tired to remain standing. "Yes," she went on, "I died then—officially. I have always kept two names as a matter of precaution. Last spring the pursuit of the Third Section became so hot that I thought it well to sacrifice one of my identities. There was a woman of about my age, sufficiently near my size. She knew she had to die soon.

She belonged to us, and she would be useful to us even in death. She passed herself off as me; she died as me. I escaped—that is, Elida Sanspeur escaped—out of Russia. I am here now; you see me; you know me again. In spite of time, of Siberia"—she just shivered once—"you know me again. I am Sonia Shiroff, the woman you married twenty years ago."

She had said the words that Paul had been waiting for, that he had been dreading. He looked at her. There was no mistaking her, no denying what she said.

He had married her in those old, mad days; he had lived in Lausanne by her side. But what a marriage it had been!—a marriage of convenience, one in name only. In Russia such marriages, where a man gave his name—and nothing more—to a woman because it enabled her to defy the paternal authority, and to plead her husband's authorization if questions were raised by the Government as to her living in a foreign land, were often arranged among the Revolutionaries. Paul and Sonia had met at the house of a sympathizer, who later expiated his views in the prison of Peter and Paul, and this friend had proposed the marriage to Sonia as a way of escape, to Paul as a good action he might do for the cause.

Regarding it in that light—and there were many precedents to support the view—Paul consented. Sonia's father never knew the real rank of the man who had gone through the ceremony of taking his daughter for a wife; the two had set out for Lausanne, and there they parted, Sonia to become an ardent exponent of revolutionary doctrines, Paul to settle down to trying English methods of farming on his estates.

Chambers's Journal. *Marian Bower.*

(To be concluded.)

DICKENS' LONDON.

Although Sam Weller's knowledge of London was "extensive and peculiar," it is quite certain that, were his spirit to revisit the glimpses of the moon, it would find a difficulty in identifying not merely the particular landmarks, but whole localities which were once familiar to it. Indeed within the last few years so much has been altered in the outlines of the city, so much rebuilding has obliterated its earlier appearance, and has so changed the aspect of whole streets, that relatively few of those spots which Dickens has immortalized remain, and the curious inquirer may quite easily overlook those features of London to which the great novelist has added an interest at once topographical and romantic. But just as none of Dickens' characters can be said to die, although one used to read occasionally of the decease of some man or woman on whose appearance or idiosyncracies Dickens based some of his creations, so it may be fearlessly affirmed that no spot which he has described, or even mentioned casually, can quite disappear from our mind's eye.

We may wander east and west, north and south, from London's centre, and in hardly any quarter of its gigantic organism shall we fail to find some spot whose name evolves a host of pleasant memories; for even those outlying parts of the city which have grown into being since Dickens' death stand on the sites he knew intimately and described so accurately. If we go to the west, we shall probably pass the highly respectable residences of Mr. Merdle and Mr. Dombey, for did not the former live

in Harley Street, whose houses, "like unexceptionable society . . . were very grim with one another"? And was not the latter an inhabitant of a large house "on the shady side of a tall, dark, dreadfully genteel street in the region between Portland Place and Bryanston Square," which has been identified as being in Mansfield Street, and was, we know, "a house of dismal state, with a circular back to it, containing a whole suite of drawing-rooms looking upon a gravelled yard." Surely Wimpole Street has an added interest, beyond the fact that Elizabeth Barrett Browning was rescued from imprisonment in one of its houses by the author of *The Ring and the Book*, when we know that Mr. and Mrs. Boffin resided once in No. 43, the corner house watched over by the egregious Silas Wegg; and the medical flavor of Welbeck Street is certainly neutralized by the knowledge that Lord George Gordon, notable in history, but still more so in *Barnaby Rudge*, was wont to harangue the public from the balcony of his house there.

The loiterers who take Brook Street on their way to the Park from Bond Street may or may not remember that the great Handel lived in one of its houses—a commemorative tablet notifies the fact—but do they also recollect that the Cousin Feenix of *Dombey and Son* had his town residence here, which was, by the way, borrowed by Mrs. Skewton for the marriage-feast of her daughter with Mr. Dombey? But has, I wonder, the identity of the Dedlock Mansion ever been actually proved? Dickens was rather fond of mystification in his topography, and when he says that the street in which it was situated was "of such dismal grandeur, so determined not to condescend to liveliness, that the doors and windows hold a gloomy state of their own in black paint and dust, and the echoing mews behind have a dry and massive appearance, as if they were reserved to stable the stone chargers of noble statues," we recognize that here is little clue to go on; for is not such a description common to hundreds of the older houses in the regions of fashion? But he adds that "complicated garnish of ironwork entwines itself over the flights of steps in this awful street; and, from these petrified bowers, extinguishers for obsolete flambeaux gasp at the upstart gas"—and surely this should limit our search.

If too we cannot actually trace the houses of the Podsnaps "in a shady angle adjoining Portman Square," or the Veneerings, "in a bran-new house in a bran-new quarter," we at least know that Sackville Street was the spot selected by the Lammles as their residence; that Fledgby lived in the Albany, and Twemlow, that "innocent piece of dinner-furniture," over a livery stable in Duke Street, St. James's. Go we to the east and we shall find ourselves in Rogue Riderhood's and Gaffer Hexam's neighborhood — Limehouse; if a more recent memory of that locality has not over-ridden a less harmful association. There too was the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters, the riverside public-house kept by Miss Abbey Patterson. No doubt the original of this has gone the way of all bricks and mortar—the way of the Fox under the Hill, on the riverside close to the Strand, where Jonas Chuzzlewit put up; the way of the Fleet prison, whose later internal economy we know chiefly from the pages of *Pickwick*, and the Marshalsea, which has been described for all time in those of *Little Dorrit;* in a word, the way of nearly all the landmarks with which Dickens' pages are crowded. If we penetrate to remote Shadwell we shall be in the neighborhood of that opium den of which the novelist made such dramatic use in *Edwin Drood*. In Holloway it is the Wilfer family which dominates our

thoughts; in Clerkenwell Mr. Venus seems still to carry on his bird-stuffing establishment—a taxidermist I suppose he would now be called.

In the north, among the breezy heights of Hampstead and Highgate, the wizard has been before us, and has touched with his magic wand all sorts of spots in those fastnesses which, thanks to tubes and taxis, are no longer remote. Did not Mrs. Bardell give a tea-party on a notable occasion at "The Spaniards"; was not the baleful figure of Bill Sikes once seen, after the murder, apprehensively going up Highgate Hill and skirting Caen Wood to find devious paths across Hampstead Heath, and so away to Hatfield? Did not Mrs. Steerforth live in "an old brick house at Highgate, on the summit of the hill —a genteel, old-fashioned house, very quiet and very orderly," and did not Dr. Strong—retired from Canterbury to a retreat even less noisy—pursue the labors of his great dictionary in these northern heights, where David Copperfield also lived with Dora in an exiguous cottage where the delightful Traddles always found "oceans of room"?

In South London, the London on the other side of the river which is so much a terra incognita to many of us, the associations with Dickens and his characters are equally extensive and peculiar. There, in Southwark, was that terrible Jacob's Island and Folly Ditch, of which such a stirring indictment may be read in *Oliver Twist*, and where Bill Sikes met his awful fate in the sight of the howling multitude. Mrs. Rudge and Barnaby lived too "in a by-street in Southwark, not far from London Bridge," it will be remembered, and here was that Marshalsea which readers of *Little Dorrit* know so intimately. What Dickens says in one of his prefaces tells us something about the place beyond what the book itself records.

> Some of my readers [he writes] may have an interest in being informed whether or no any portions of the Marshalsea prison are yet standing. I myself did not know until I was approaching the end of this story, when I went to look. I found the outer front courtyard metamorphosed into a butter-shop; and then I almost gave up every brick of the jail for lost. Wandering however down a certain adjacent Angel Court, leading to Bermondsey, I came to Marshalsea Place, the houses in which I recognized not only as the great block of the former prison, but as preserving the rooms that arose in my mind's eye when I became Little Dorrit's biographer. . . . Whoever goes into Marshalsea Place, turning out of Angel Court, leading to Bermondsey, will find his feet on the very pavingstones of the extinct Marshalsea jail; will see its narrow yard to the right and to the left, very little altered, if at all . . . will look upon the rooms in which the debtors lived, and will stand among the crowding ghosts of many miserable years.

To-day however, so altered has all this locality become, that its ghosts are all that any wanderer may hope to conjure up in his imaginative mind.

If these outlying portions, as it were, of the metropolis can be revivified in the pages of Dickens, what shall be said of the centre of the organism? From the Bank to Charing Cross, from Oxford Street to the Thames; in this heart of London there are few spots with which the novelist's creations cannot be connected, few in which some scene in his works has not taken place. I really thought I saw Mr. Micawber in Fleet Street the other day; and certainly Traddles passed me in Inner Temple Lane. Who can hurry through Fountain Court without thinking of Tom Pinch or of Ruth's meetings with John Westlock; who can pass even the rebuilt Child's Bank without calling to mind its humbler predecessor—the Tellsons of the *Tale of Two Cities*, and Mr.

Cruncher, waiting for odd jobs and perhaps thinking morosely of the "flopping" of his spouse? The figure of David Copperfield haunts the Strand, and the much-altered Adelphi dark arches. Lincoln's Inn Fields is still sentient of Mr. Tulkinghorn, whose house happily still exists although the famous allegory has long been obliterated; Lincoln's Inn Hall still reechoes that interminable suit which killed the "man from Shropshire" and blighted the promising career of Richard Carstone. Gray's Inn, Staple Inn, Furnival's Inn, Chancery Lane, Took's Court, Clare Market, the disappeared or the disappearing, places that are no more, others that have lost every trace of their original likeness, all recall, even by their names, some scene or person which the magician has made to seem so actual—that like the figures on the tapestry in the old story, it is we and not they that appear to be the shadows of a dream. The familiar faces of Dickens' characters, and the features of London, to which he has added a still more striking reality, crowd around us always, but never more vividly than now when we are commemorating the great genius who has left us so rich a legacy.

E. Beresford Chancellor.

The Outlook.

THE LOST POLES.

The newspapers have been full of a strange error. They have announced, with every emphasis of headlines and special type, the discovery of the South Pole; whereas what has really happened is that the South Pole has been lost. For hundreds of years the North and South Poles were the property of mankind; they furnished the world with the mainsprings of the bravest physical adventure. The books dealing with arctic and antarctic exploration furnish in themselves a library of the most inspiring kind, for they show to what heroic heights human nature can rise in quest of the unknown. None of the adventurers who one by one disappeared into those icy virginal fastnesses ever, if he came back at all, came back empty-handed. The Poles were undiscovered, but men discovered in themselves and in their comrades treasures of endurance. The by-products, if one may use the expression, of polar exploration have been of enormous value. New territories have been discovered, new stores of scientific knowledge accumulated, but these lands would still be unknown, this knowledge would still be hidden from us if there had not been the powerful magnet of the Pole itself to draw men into the unknown.

This great possession of the world received its first blow when Peary discovered the North Pole. The veil of romance fell from it; human presence demagnetized it. Although here and there enthusiasm will equip a scientific expedition, the North Pole will attract men no longer. And now Captain Amundsen has dealt a further blow by the discovery of the South Pole. He has discovered it, but the world has lost it. And the world gets nothing in exchange for the loss; even if one could set off a practical advantage against a spiritual one, there is no practical gain to set against the loss to the imagination. The Poles seem to be miserable places now that they have been discoverd. We would throw back the veil over them if we could, and leave them still as a goal for the attainment of future generations—but it is too late. Wiser than we was the Power that screened them behind those icy veils, and piled the ramparts of ice about

them, and flung the frozen seas around them like a mantle, and set a long, long road of difficulty and danger between them and the habitations of men. Wiser than we; because a universe which contained nothing unknown would be intolerable and uninhabitable for mankind. Yet the whole result of mystery is that we try to pierce it; the whole purpose of difficulties is that we should try to overcome them; the whole value of imagination is that by wonder and speculation it leads us on to knowledge. But it is the wondering that is splendid, not the knowing; it is the fighting that is glorious, and not the possessing; it is the difficulties on the road that teach us our lessons, and not the view that we get when we arrive at the end. All that the Poles ever meant to us they cease to mean now that they are discovered. In other words, we have lost them.

What a field for adventure was the world a few years ago compared with what it is to-day! There was the wonder of people living in other lands and speaking a different tongue from ourselves. What were they like? What did they think about? How did they live? Now we no longer wonder; no desperate adventure is necessary in order to find out even a little; we buy a half-penny paper or a shilling encyclopædia and know all about it. Once we were confined to the earth and could look up into the blue cloud-flecked sky and think of it wonderingly as a region unattainable by us, a territory of winged and invisible things that lived a free life of their own there; now we mount into the air shamelessly in balloons and aeroplanes and fly about among the swallows and journey whithersoever we have a mind. We go down into the sea and see the wonders of the deep; and for many of us they are wonders no longer. We annihilate space and listen to the voice of a man in another country, hold audible conversation with him across seas and mountain ranges instead of having to take a journey of many weary days in order to have speech with him. We harness the ether and make it carry our trivial messages across half the world; we make living things of metal that are endowed with an energy of their own, that travel and work for us infinitely better than any man or beast. And for every conquest we make we suffer a defeat; for every mechanical gain there is a spiritual loss; it is as certain as anything can be. The motor car, for example—look what gain that has brought us, and look what loss. The gain was a thing which we did not really need and which we could have done without; the loss is a real deprivation of something we once enjoyed and which can never be replaced. We have the convenience of rapid travel, but the old quiet sensation of journeying from place to place on horse or on foot, adventuring every hour into strange scenes and new lands, and feeling that we were doing a great thing and living an exciting life—all that has gone. We dart over a hundred miles of road that we have been over so often in the same way that we think we know it off by heart, although in fact we neither see it nor know it. I have had great joy and pleasure in motor cars, but I would forego it all if I could get back for myself and for others the things that the motor car has taken from us. And, similarly, who twenty years hence would not give back the glory of having discovered the Poles, for the glory of having them still to discover?

It is impossible to help wondering what will be left for the human race when one by one all Nature's little shy secrets are wrested from her, and all the veils are torn from life, and when the world that we once thought so wonderful and miraculous lies all explained before us, its last mysteries accounted

for, and Nature all reduced to law. Human nature, so far as we know, does not change, and therefore there will always be this deeply implanted thirst and quest for the unknown; but what will be left unknown, except death and whatever lies beyond it? For a race so sated with knowledge and glutted with experience as the human race will be in another century or so there seems nothing left but suicide—if indeed that wiser Power that gave us mysteries and miracles and bade us wonder at them, and that surely in sorrow sees us unveiling our mysteries and prying into the mechanism of our miracles, does not destroy us in some conflagration of righteous anger, and begin again with an innocent race. What is happening now is becoming less and less mysterious and marvellous; it is only about what will happen in the future that we can still say, "I wonder."

Filson Young.

The Saturday Review.

THE CRITICAL SITUATION BETWEEN FRANCE AND SPAIN.

When we called attention eighteen months ago to the serious alteration of the Morocco question we warned the reader that it was not at all likely that the surrender of English predominance in the Sultanate, and the substitution of the protectorate of some new Power or Powers, would be found to result in tranquil relations for England or for the new state of things. We had been for generations the dominating influence, both as regards commerce and politics, in the Shereefian Empire. A British diplomatist, the acute and masterful Drummond Hay, had been practically the adviser of the Sultan both in home and foreign affairs. The Kaid Maclean had been the Moorish commander-in-chief. To compare England's Moroccan position with any other State whatever, it was "Eclipse first" and the rest nowhere. Just as it seemed to be wise to surrender Heligoland it became statesmanlike to scuttle out of Morocco. France was invited to enter from Algeria. Spain got an offer from France, which amounted to a third of the Moorish Empire, including Fez. Then Germany appeared upon the scene, and announced to all the world, and to France in particular, that in the internationalization of Morocco the expansive Teuton saw an opportunity of Teutonic expansion. The Moorish throne grew less stable as the number of its European admirers increased. We had the German Imperial gasconade at Tangier, the fall of a French Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Congress of Algeciras, the final settlement of Moroccan worries, and then the reopening of everything, the French bombardment of Casablanca and occupation of Ujda and the Shaouia, the German demonstration at Agadir, general danger of European war, the English fidelity to the entente with France, and the succeeding arrangements between France and Germany which gave Germany a slice of the French Congo and the French fifteen-sixteenths of Moroco "as a protectorate." But what of the ancient claims of Spain, and the recent offer of extensive territories which would have created a great Spanish province south of the Straits of Gibraltar? Germany blandly explained that her arrangement with France could, of course, confer upon France no increased right to anything which was claimed by the Government of Madrid. Instead of a Moroccan question, we now had at least three Moroccan questions. We had

France's desire to acquire everything just as in Tunisia. We had Spain's resolution to consider the Spanish rights quite unaffected by any arrangements between France and Germany. And we had, as a necessity of the new situation, a very natural anxiety on the part of England that the side of the Strait opposite Gibraltar should not be held by a European Power capable of closing the Western Mediterranean to British Fleets in any circumstances whatever. We were the best of friends with France. We had just shown our readiness to fight for her, when we considered that Germany was endangering the balance of Power in Europe. But there were such things as British rights and British security; and the amicable dispositions of the present could not dispense the British Government from reasonable and natural precautions with regard to the possibilities of the future. We intimated decidedly that we prefered to see Spain on the African coast opposite Gibraltar, and we did not conceal our opinion that France had made such a very good thing by her protectorate over Morocco that she could admit with grace the desire of Spain for an expansion of territory that had been recently encouraged by the Government of France itself.

Moderation and contentment, not to mention gratitude, are among the rarer virtues of international diplomacy. We do not make it a reproach, accordingly, to any of the parties to the recent understandings and misunderstandings that they have sought to increase their profits rather than to acquit their obligations. Neither do we care to affix the blame for the fresh inception of the critical situation which has come into existence. A single sentence from the Paris correspondent of the *Times* will suffice to show that the position is full of the gravest possibilities. "It is admitted that the situation might become seriously complicated if France were to occupy the territories to which she lays claim in the Spanish sphere, and if Spain were either to forestall or to counteract this move by occupying Tetuan or Arzila." Is there danger that France will occupy by military force "the territories to which she lays claim in the Spanish sphere"? The danger may certainly arise if France should proceed to carry into force the Franco-German Conventions regarding a French protectorate in Morocco without any previous agreement with Spain as to the extent of the rights or the territories affected by the protectorate. Unfortunately the French Premier, M. Poincaré, has declared, amidst the stormy applause of the French Chamber, that France's "urgent and indispensable task is quite independent of the satisfactory progress of our negotiations with Spain." But as the very amount of territory to be administered by France necessarily depends upon the amount recognized by France as belonging to Spain, this is a somewhat ominous assertion. Nor does it look more pacific when completed by a further statement that France will be "justified in the interests of order and peace and for the benefit of civilization." When nations engaged in a dispute, instead of specific agreements talk of being justified by the "benefit of civilization," it is felt that the atmosphere is already more heated and less judicial. The *Times* had to add significantly that when the French Premier made this menacing statement of France's intention to follow her own decision in the organization of her protectorate "the French Government was already in possession of the latest Spanish proposals," and had been "unanimous in considering that the Spanish proposals could not be entertained."

Practically speaking, the Spanish proposals merely consisted in a calm statement by the Spanish Government why certain French demands for the

surrender of existing Spanish territory in Morocco could not be accepted by the advisers of Alfonso XIII. The French demanded the cession of the important valley of the Ouargha, which is necessary to the complete inclusion of the Riff danger-region within Spanish authority, another Spanish district on the Mediterranean between the Muloya and the fortress of Melilla, and important regions south of Agadir on the Atlantic, which have been almost from time immemorial in the possession of Spain, and which are extremely important for the Spanish Canary Islands lying opposite to their coast. And these demands on Spain are made by a France which eighteen months ago did not possess an inch of territory in the Moorish State by any sort of European right, and which now holds the protectorate of fifteen-sixteenths of Morocco, or about two hundred thousand square miles of the total of two hundred and ten thousand at which the fallen State may be estimated. On what reasonable grounds can such pretensions be maintained? It is unfortunate that the general body of the French Press is now using towards Spain very much the same kind of language which the more bellicose German Press used to France quite recently. "The question now is," writes one of the more moderate organs, "shall we proceed at once to occupy the districts which we claim? It appears to us that it would be an excellent measure of precaution." We have only to imagine the state of popular feeling in the Spanish capital on the arrival of news that a French military force "had proceeded at once to occupy the districts" which France "claims." Few persons in Europe would regard the result as showing any evidence of being "an excellent measure of precaution."

The Outlook.

THE CONVERT.

I found myself in the same drawing-room with Celia the other day, so I offered her one of my favorite sandwiches. (I hadn't seen her for some time, and there were plenty in the plate.)

"If you are coming to talk to me," she said, "I think I had better warn you that I am a Militant Suffragist."

"Then you won't want a sandwich," I said gladly, and I withdrew the plate.

"I suppose," said Celia, "that what I really want is a vote."

"Have mine; I can never do anything with it. The other man keeps slipping in by about three thousand."

"But it isn't only that. I want to see the whole position of women altered. I want to see——"

I looked round for her mother.

"Tell me," I said gently; "when did this come over you?"

"In the last few weeks," said Celia. "And I don't wonder."

I settled down with the sandwiches to listen.

. . . . . .

Celia first noted symptoms of it at a luncheon party at the beginning of the month. She had asked the young man on her right if she could have some of his salt, and as he passed it to her he covered up any embarrassment she might be feeling by saying genially,—

"Well, and how long is this coal strike going to last?"

"I don't know," said Celia truthfully.

"I suppose you're ready for the siege? The billiard-room and all the spare bedrooms well stocked?"

Celia saw that this was meant humorously, and she laughed.

"I expect we shall be all right," she said.

"You'll have to give a coal party later on, and invite all your friends. 'Fire, 9—12.'"

"What a lovely idea!" said Celia, smiling from sheer habit. "Mind you come." She got her face straight again with a jerk and turned to the solemn old gentleman on her other side.

He was ready for her.

"This is a terrible disaster for the country, this coal strike," he said.

"Isn't it?" said Celia; and feeling that that was inadequate, added, "Terrible!"

"I don't know what's happening to the country."

Celia crumbled her bread, and having reviewed a succession of possible replies each more fatuous than the last, decided to remain silent.

"Everything will be at a standstill directly," her companion went on. "Already trade is leaving the country. The Navy——"

"I suppose so," said Celia gloomily.

"Once stop the supplies of coal, you see, and you drain the life-blood of the country."

"Of *course*," said Celia, and looked very serious.

After lunch an extremely brisk little man took her in hand.

"Have you been studying this coal strike question at all?" he began.

"I read the papers," said Celia.

"Ah, but you don't *get* it there. They don't *tell* you—they don't *tell* you. Now I know a man who is actually *in* it, and he *says*—and he knows this for a *fact*—that from the *moment* when the *first man* downed tools—from the very moment when he *downed tools* . . ."

Celia edged away from him nervously. Her face had assumed an expression of wild interest which she was certain couldn't last much longer.

"Now, take coal at the pit's mouth," he went on—"at the *pit's mouth*"—he shook a forefinger at her—"at the *pit's mouth*—and I know this for a *fact*—the *royalties*, the royalties are——"

"It's awful," said Celia. "I *know*."

Celia went home feeling a little disturbed. There was something in her mind, a dim sense of foreboding, which kept casting its shadow across her pleasantest thoughts; "Just as you feel," she said, "when you *know* you've got to go to the dentist." But they had a big dinner-party that evening, and Celia, full of the joy of life, was not going to let anything stand in the way of her enjoyment of it.

Her man began on the stairs.

"Well," he said, "what about the coal strike? When are you going to start your coal parties? 'Fire, 10—2.' They say that that's going to be the new rage." He smiled reassuringly at her. He was giving the impression that he *could* have been very, very serious over this terrible business, but that for her sake he was wearing the mask. In the presence of women a man must make light of danger.

Celia understood then what was troubling her; and as, half-way through dinner, the man on her other side turned to talk to her, she shot an urgent question at him. At any cost she must know the worst.

"*How* long will the strike last?" she said earnestly.

"That's just what I was going to ask you," he said. "I fear it may be months."

Celia sighed deeply.

. . . . . .

I took the last sandwich and put down the plate.

"And that," said Celia, "was three weeks ago."

"It has been the same ever since?" I asked, beginning on a new plate.

"Every day. I'm tired of it. I shrink from every new man I meet. I

wait nervously for the word 'coal,' feeling that I shall scream when it comes. Oh, I want a vote or something. I don't know what I want, but I *hate* men! Why should they think that everything they say to us is funny or clever or important? Why should they talk to us as if we were children? Why should they take it for granted that it's our duty to *listen* always?"

Punch.

I rose with dignity. Dash it all, who had been doing the listening for the last half-hour?

"You are run down," I said. "What you want is a tonic."

Quite between ourselves, though, I really think——

But no. We men must stick together.

A. A. M.

THE BELIEF IN PROGRESS.

Since the days of the Reform Bill and the repeal of the Corn Laws, which were followed and accompanied by such remarkable improvements in public administration, and by unexampled expansion of wealth, Englishmen of all creeds and classes have been permeated by faith in progress. The standard of comfort has been raised almost continuously in all ranks of society; the minimum wage of to-day in almost any industry would have been a maximum in the days of our grandfathers; and the luxuries of the middle classes in those times are the necessities of our artisans, whose table fare would have seemed sumptuous in the homes of many a factory owner in Lancashire and Yorkshire a hundred years ago. Whether progress, in the fullest and highest sense of the word, has a scientific and historical basis or not, we should be very sorry to see the faith in it weakened, for the nation which believes in progress is the nation which is most likely to progress. Perhaps also the continuous and substantial character of English progress during the last sixty or seventy years is due in part to the strenuous resistance which Liberal measures of reform met from a determined and united Conservative party. Thanks to this resistance, new projects and innovations of all kinds were thoroughly discussed, and the ground painfully and laboriously gained was never lost. In some other countries sudden and easy revolutions have yielded no lasting improvements. Portugal under a Republic is hardly less miserable and hardly more free than Portugal under a Monarchy. There is the same despotism, the same corruption, the same trampling upon elementary rights as in old days. When Brazil substituted a President for an Emperor things did not improve. Can we be sure that modern Japan is happier or better than old Japan? Can we even be sure that the population of New England, taken as a whole, is as prosperous and as civilized as the population of New England was from 1815 to 1860? The spread of education, the cheapening of books and of travel, the repeal of barbarous laws, the more humane treatment of prisoners, paupers, and lunatics, all these things are hopeful signs of real progress; and in most European countries these elements of progress can undoubtedly be traced if we look back over a series of years. Slavery in its old crude form has almost been abolished, and the new devices for exploiting "inferior" races in the Congo, on the Amazon, and in Mexico are being subjected to the searchlight of civilized criticism. Against that grave and growing danger to progress—the incessant growth of armaments—may be set the comparative abstinence from war which has marked

the last century in comparison with any of its predecessors. We seem to have at least reached a stage in which peace instead of war between nations has become the ordinary and normal condition.

Probably by progress most of us mean the progress of the working classes. The progress of individual wealth and of huge fortunes has its drawbacks in the encouragement of senseless luxury and vulgar profusion; but the progress of the wage-earner and a rising standard of comfort among the rank and file are almost essential to the spread of art, knowledge, and refinement. In a representative democracy, at all events, it is of supreme importance that the political base upon which the pyramid of government rests should be sound, prosperous, hopeful, and energetic. Paradoxical as it may seem, progress depends very largely upon discontent, or, rather, we should say, upon hopeful discontent, whereas revolutionary movements and disastrous follies that accompany them—murder, sabotage, and the like—draw strength from despair. Now, if we look at statistics, we find that the condition of the working classes in England has improved since 1850 to a most remarkable extent, and that the setbacks have been comparatively small. To a very useful work on the study of prices,[1] containing the substance of his Newmarch lectures, Mr. W. T. Layton has added, in an appendix, some statistics illustrating this progress. Taking 100 as the average money wages in 1850, the figure 179½ represents the average money wages for 1910—a total only surpassed in 1907 and 1908, when the figure was two or three points higher. Correcting these figures by the Index Number, which indicates changes in the purchasing power of money, the comparison is still highly satisfactory, for the rise is from 100 to 169. In other words, the workman who earned £1 in 1850 would have been earning about £1 14s in 1910. But when we look over the separate years, we find that in the first eleven years there were fluctuations, but no improvement, for in 1861 the total was still 100, a result which was obviously explained by the Crimean War, when the rise in prices brought down the real earnings of the working classes. After 1861 real wages began to go steadily up, with temporary reactions during commercial crises and periods of depression. In 1870 the real wage figure was 118; in 1880, 134; in 1890, 166; and in 1900, 183. Then the influence of the Boer War and the gigantic increase of armaments, together with the immense destruction of capital caused by the war between Russia and Japan, began to be felt, and the figure fluctuated down from 183 to 169, so that a workman whose real wages were a trifle over 18s in 1900 had to be content with a little less than 17s in 1910. To be precise: although he received the same money payment for his work, he could buy only as much with 18s in 1910 as he could have bought with 17s in 1900. And a collier, earning, perhaps, 36s, on an average, in both these years, found himself, in reality, 2s worse off at the end than at the beginning of the decade. We have not left ourselves space to philosophize upon these facts, but it is only fair to remember them when we criticize the tremendous outbreak of discontent which has followed the further sharp rise in the price of such articles as sugar, milk, butter, &c., during the last twelve months. When Governments have deliberately depreciated the currency no one has blamed society for revolting. The depreciation of gold during the last few years has not been deliberate, and all that the working classes know is that somehow or other they are worse off.

[1] "An Introduction to the Study of Prices." Macmillan and Co. 1912. 2s. 6d.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

To the many current series of books of permanent value at popular prices, of which Everyman's Library and the Home University Library are familiar examples is now added the "Macmillan Standard Library," in which are to be published, at the uniform price of fifty cents, books in all departments of knowledge which have already been put to the test of public approval and have not been found wanting. Literature, religion, biography, history, politics, art, economics, sports, sociology and *belles lettres* will all be represented. One of the first volumes in the series is President Henry Churchill King's "Rational Living," an exposition of modern psychological investigation from the Christian point of view which, since its first publication seven years ago, has won increasing appreciation among serious readers.

Harold Begbie, whose studies of religious experience in the slums of London, contained in his volumes "Twice-Born men" and "Souls in Action," have stirred the believing and the unbelieving alike by their graphic power and simple truthfulness, presents now in a volume entitled "Other Sheep" (George H. Doran Co.) a group of studies similar in character and again with Salvation Army workers as the chief figures, but with India as the scene and native converts and Salvationists as the fruit of Christian activity. The book is the result of personal study and observation, largely in company with "Fakir Singh" a singularly successful Salvation Army leader. It is a very vivid portrayal of native Indian customs and religious beliefs, and the effect upon them of a simple and earnest presentation of Christian truth. Sympathetic, hopeful, vigorous and graphic, these sketches and studies convey a strong impression of the present-day power of the Christian faith.

"Polite Farces," is a small collection of drawing-room plays by Arnold Bennett. The plays are three in number, and deal with incidents which might happen to almost any one in almost any drawing-room. They are witty, and dramatically compact, none of the action taking any more or less time than the event would demand in real life. The first play, "The Stepmother," is a subtle and humorous caricature of a successful woman novelist. The dialogue is quick and clever. "A Good Woman," the second play, shows an emotional temperament at its various extremes. In "A Question of Sex," the last of the farces, a baby girl, in place of an expected boy, who would have received a fortune from a wealthy uncle, brings consternation to an ordinary home. Human failings and foibles are displayed with the author's characteristic dexterity. The plays are good for reading, and would act easily and pleasantly. George H. Doran Co.

Dedicated by the editor, Waldo R. Browne, to "all who are enamored of growing out-doors," the little volume of selections from Walt Whitman's verse and prose to which he has given the graphic and descriptive title "The Rolling Earth" makes a strong appeal to all lovers of outdoor life, and comes with special timeliness in the opening spring. As John Burroughs remarks in the delightful Introduction which he contributes to the book, Whitman was the poet of the Earth considered as an orb in the heavens in a fuller sense than any other poet, and the title "The Rolling Earth" is specially appropriate

for a volume like the present, which groups the most striking of his reflections upon outdoor scenes and experiences. The unconventional character of Whitman's writing is seen at its best in these rapturous and sometimes almost riotous outpourings of satisfaction in the joy of living out of doors. The volume is of a size which suggests slipping into the pocket as a companion on walks through woods or by the sea. Houghton Mifflin Co.

G. L. Strachey's "Landmarks in French Literature" in the Home University Library of Henry Holt & Co. makes an excellent companion volume to G. H. Mair's "English Literature: Modern" in the same series. It is marked by the same comprehensiveness of view and compactness and lucidity of statement. Touching briefly upon the origins of the French language and literature in the middle ages, it follows their development through the Renaissance, the age of transition between the death of Montaigne and the accession to power of Louis XIV, the brilliant and fruitful age of that monarch, the great writers of the eighteenth century, the romantic movement which followed the Revolution, and the age of criticism which succeeded it, down to the present day, when Maupassant in prose and Verlaine in poetry are the influential figures. Just, well-considered and well-poised, and admirably written, the book is one of the best in the series.

The late Grant Allen left, as one result of his thirty-five years of foreign travel, a series of Historical Guides. Their object is to supplement and not to compete with such standard travelers' hand-books as Baedeker's, but to supply in compact form information not elsewhere obtainable. "I desire," he said, "to supply the tourist who wishes to use his travel as a means of culture with such historical and antiquarian information as will enable him to understand, and therefore to enjoy, the architecture, sculpture, painting and minor arts of the towns he visits." These Historical Guides are now reappearing in a new form, revised to conform with the many changes in the arrangement of the museums and new information, and with illustrations which, instead of picturing the usual subjects, are reproductions of representative works of art to be found elsewhere, selected for comparison with those by the same artist to be found in the town treated. The volumes now reissued by Messrs. Henry Holt and Company are Umbrian Towns, Venice, Cities of Belgium, Christian Rome, and Florence, together with two new volumes, Smaller Tuscan Towns, by J. W. and A. M. Cruickshank, and Classical Rome, by H. Stuart Jones.

A valuable addition to the literature of education is Irving King's latest work, "The Social Aspects of Education," a book of Sources and Original Discussions with Annotated Bibliographies. Intended primarily for teachers and students of the theory of education, it is also a timely and interesting study for any one to whom ideas of social betterment make an appeal. The author considers that in teaching the history of Education, too little emphasis has, up to this time, been laid upon the connection between the successive events in educational history, and the social conditions from which these events have come. Believing that there should be specific courses for study in the social aspects of Education, he aims through this book at a juster recognition of important social relationships. The object of the course offered here is to give a broader view of education in its social relationship, and more specifically in its relation to social prog-

ress. The problem presented is as follows—"First—To what extent may educational forces be regarded as definite avenues of social progress? Second—To what extent may certain educational forces, the school in particular, become more efficient as agencies of instruction as well as more effective promoters of social progress?" Two kinds of material have been chosen, chapters which discuss underlying principles, and those which present concrete applications. The Bibliographies are so complete and comprehensive that for practical working purposes the volume is ideal. The Macmillan Company.

Lovers and students of the classics will be delighted with the group of "Harvard Essays on Classical Subjects" edited by Herbert Weir Smyth, Ph.D., Eliot Professor of Greek Literature (Houghton Mifflin Co.). The eight essays contained in this volume are related only so far as all of them are upon classical subjects. They pertain about equally to things Greek and things Roman. Professor George H. Chase reviews the new criticism of Roman Art; Professor Charles B. Gulick discusses the notions of humanity among the Greeks; Professor Carl N. Jackson writes of the little-known Greek author, Alciphron, whom he describes as "an ancient letter-writer"; Professor Clifford H. Moore considers Greek and Roman Ascetic Tendencies; an essay by the late Professor Morris H. Morgan presents "Some Aspects of an Ancient Roman City" and contrasts them with modern cities; Professor Charles P. Parker compares the philosophy of Plato with pragmatism; Professor Edward K. Rand contributes an essay on Ovid, of whom he frankly remarks at the outset that "in any five-foot compendium of universal culture, few would spare Ovid one inch"; and Professor Smyth himself concludes with an essay reviewing Greek conceptions of immortality, from Homer to Plato. Altogether, few essays more agreeable or informing than these are to be found along the bye-paths of classical study.

Nevin O. Winter, whose journeyings and studies in Latin-America have already borne fruit in volumes descriptive of Mexico, Guatemala, Brazil and Argentina as they are to-day, now presents a companion volume on "Chile and Her People of To-day" (L. C. Page & Co.). There is nothing of the dry-as-dust guidebook style about Mr. Nevin's books. They are written out of a fulness of knowledge of the past and a fresh and vivid impression of the present which gives the reader the sense of personal travel with an extremely well-informed friend as his companion. This impression is deepened by the admirable full-page illustrations from photographs—numbering fifty or more in the present volume. Mr. Nevin has none of the "certain condescension" with which travellers often view foreign customs and civilizations. He writes sympathetically and appreciatively, as one who is looking for the best rather than the worst in the objects of his study. He presents a very hopeful and friendly view of the material and political possibilities of the most powerful and progressive of the Latin-American republics. What he has to say upon the bearing of the Panama Canal upon the relations of the United States with Latin-America, and upon the effect of certain aspects of the Monroe doctrine especially deserves consideration. Read either for diversion, as a graphic narrative of travel, or with the more serious purpose of becoming more familiar with Latin-American conditions and relations, the book is worth while.